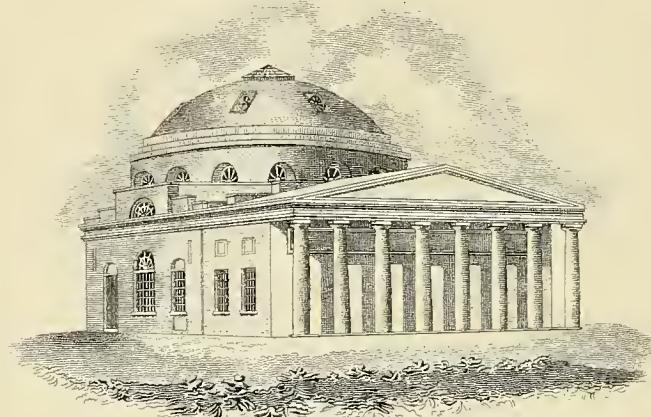


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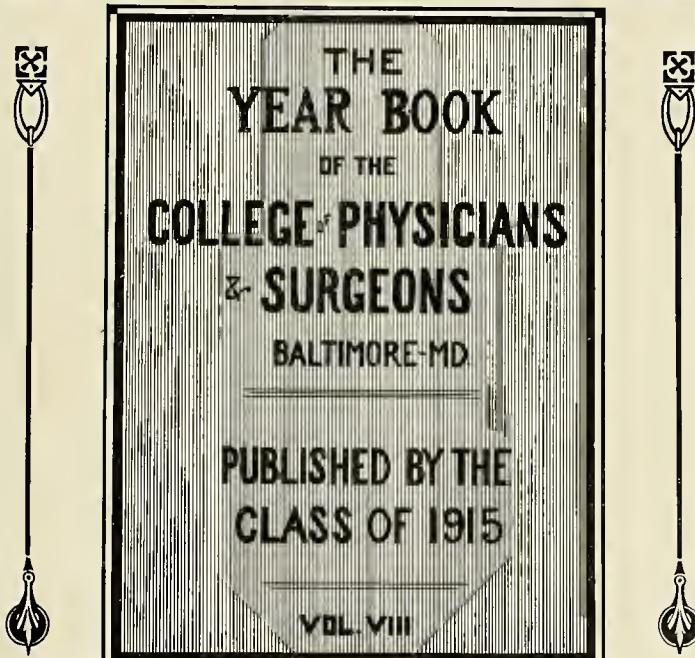
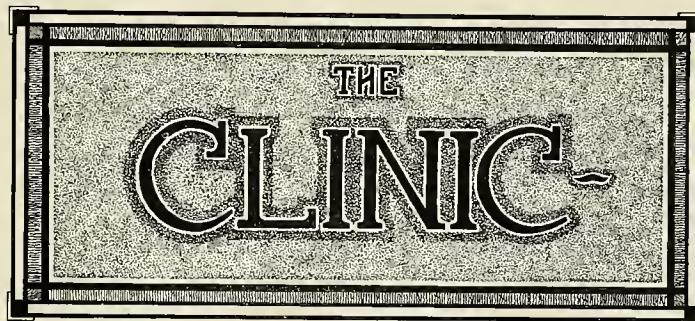


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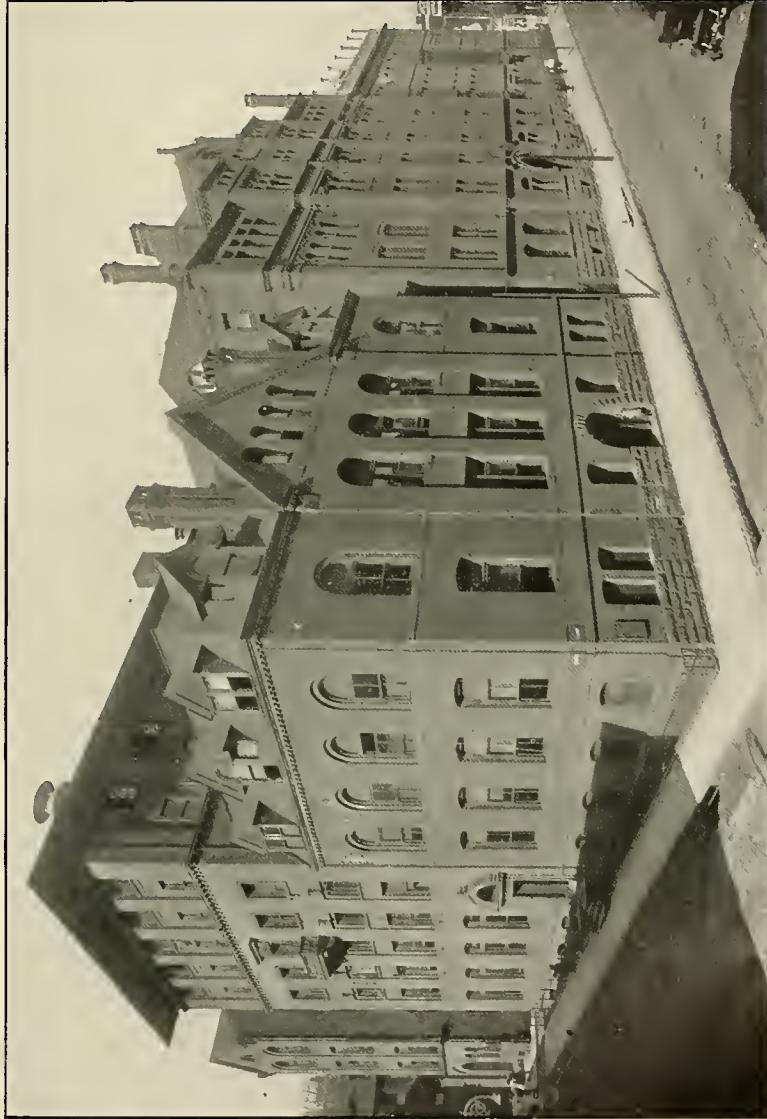


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DEDICATION



To Our Esteemed Instructor

John W. Chambers, M.D., Sc.D.

Professor of Principles and Practice of Surgery and Clinical
Surgery

at the College of Physicians and Surgeons

Do we dedicate this volume

The Clinic of 1914

As an inadequate expression of the sincere admiration and deep affection which we bear him. This honest, practical man neither needs nor desires an extravagant eulogy, so often of doubtful sincerity, as a description of those qualities by virtue of which he is universally loved. Let it suffice to say, that as the practical clinician, the practical humanitarian, and the practical philosopher, Dr. John W. Chambers will ever live in our memory.

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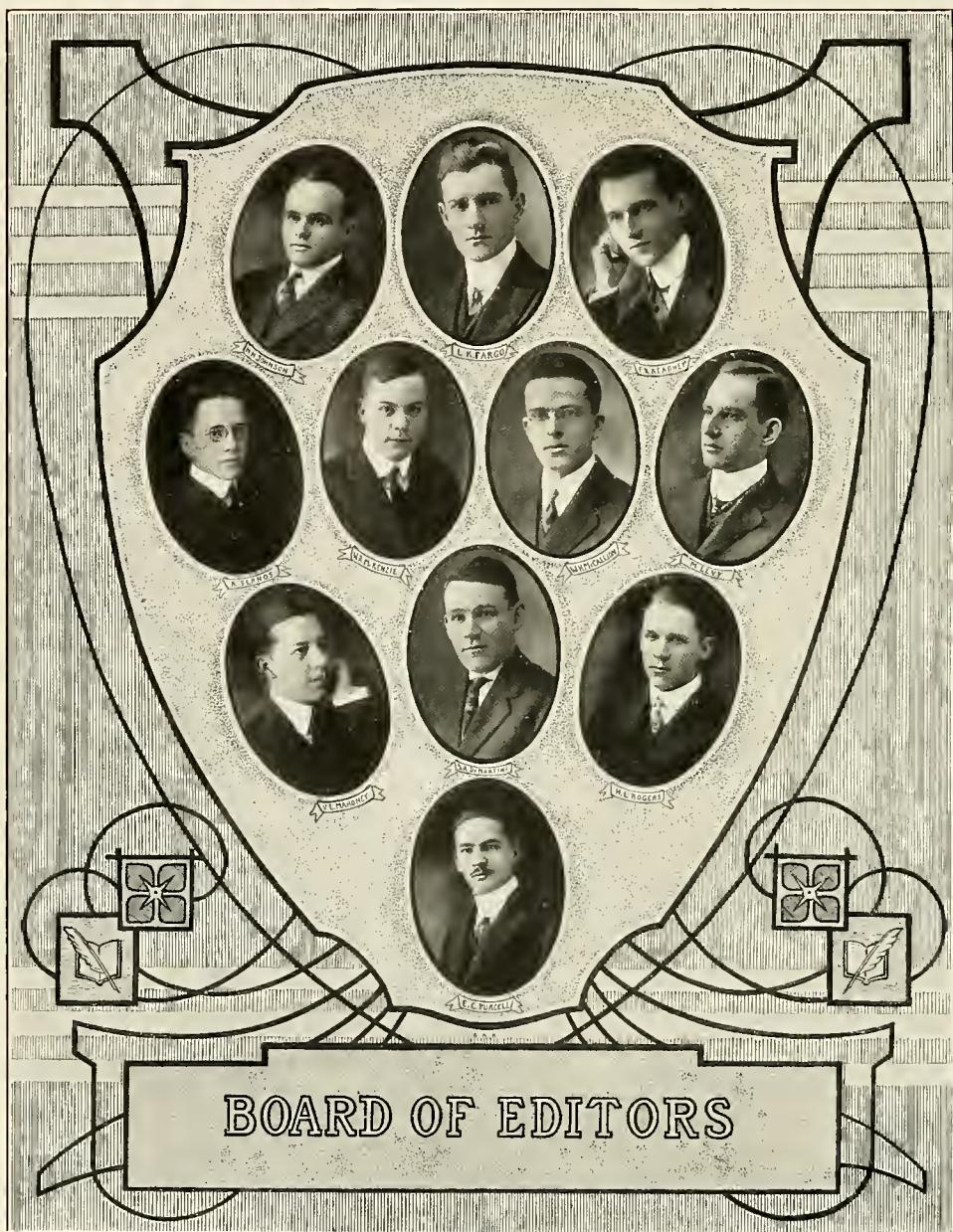
John W. Chambers,
M.D., Sc.D., F.A.C.S.

Residence,
18 West Franklin Street,
Baltimore, Maryland.



*Graduated from the College of Physicians
and Surgeons, 1879*

*Professor of Surgery, College of Physicians and Surgeons
Surgeon, Mercy Hospital and Hebrew Hospital*



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Foreword



REETINGS, gentle reader! We, the parents, as it were, of this offering, salute you with doubt, we cheerfully admit, as to the reception our protege will receive.

Perhaps, as you scan our lines, you will find that our prose lacks considerable of being Robert Chambers' in style—just remember Bob gets paid for it—we don't. If you are absolutely convinced that our poetry compares unfavorably with those sweet lines of Milton, recollect, dear reader, that all good men like he, died years ago; and besides, he was blind—we are neither dead nor blind.

Better still, remember you couldn't do half as well yourself, and so you don't qualify for a critic, anyway.

We might, if we wished to deviate hopelessly from the straight and narrow path of veracity, go on and tell you what a pleasure it was to get out this volume. As a matter of fact, it was no such thing—it was blamed hard, discouraging work; and the lack of interest shown by a large part of our dear schoolmates caused more than one member of the board to lose what little religion he ever possessed, which you must admit is an awful shame although a small loss.

For those whose generosity or lack of fleetness of foot (thus shutting off escape) prompted them to dig deeply into their jeans and contribute early a copeck to a good cause, we have an undying affection. To all those who aided us in any way, by early financial co-operation or by contributions of literature or art, we sincerely accord our thanks. We shall pray for you. To all these, our friends, we extend the fervent wish that they may reap their just reward in heaven—they'll surely go there.

But to those who, owing to utter selfishness, "tightwadness," or total ignorance of the duty they owe their Alma Mater, neither subscribed nor contributed literature nor art, may they receive their just deserts in the subway realm. They are surely headed in that direction. With perfect confidence that they'll get theirs, do we commit them to the tender mercies of the gentle man who presides below.

But, dear reader, all levity and bitterness aside, we hope you will like our little book—to please you we've "done our darndest."

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Contributors to the Clivir



LITERATURE

Mayer, '14

Font, '16

Mahoney, '15

Dr. Hutchins

Johnson, '15

Gardner, '15

Fargo, '15

Fernos, '15

Byrne, '16

McCallion, '15

McKenzie, '16

Berman, '14

Class Historians

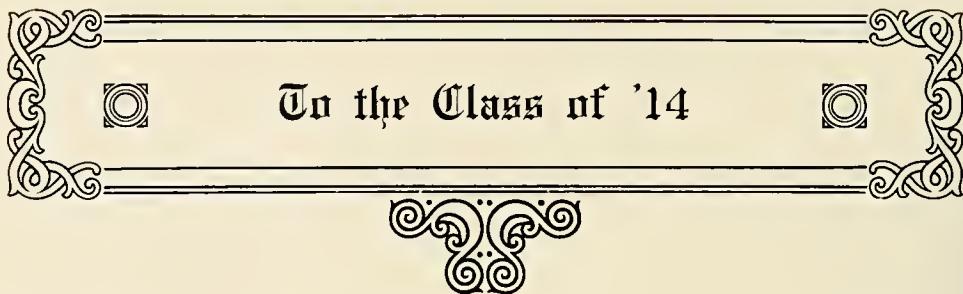
ART

De Martini, '15

Mahoney, '15

McClintock, '17





To the Class of '14

We are standing on the threshold
Of the parting of the ways,
While the sun is slowly sinking
Over dear old College days.

And the time is fast approaching
When with sad and heavy heart,
We must grasp the hands of classmates
For the day has come to part.

Some go where there's no returning,
To be martyrs to their race,
They're prepared to meet the Reaper
And they'll do it face to face.

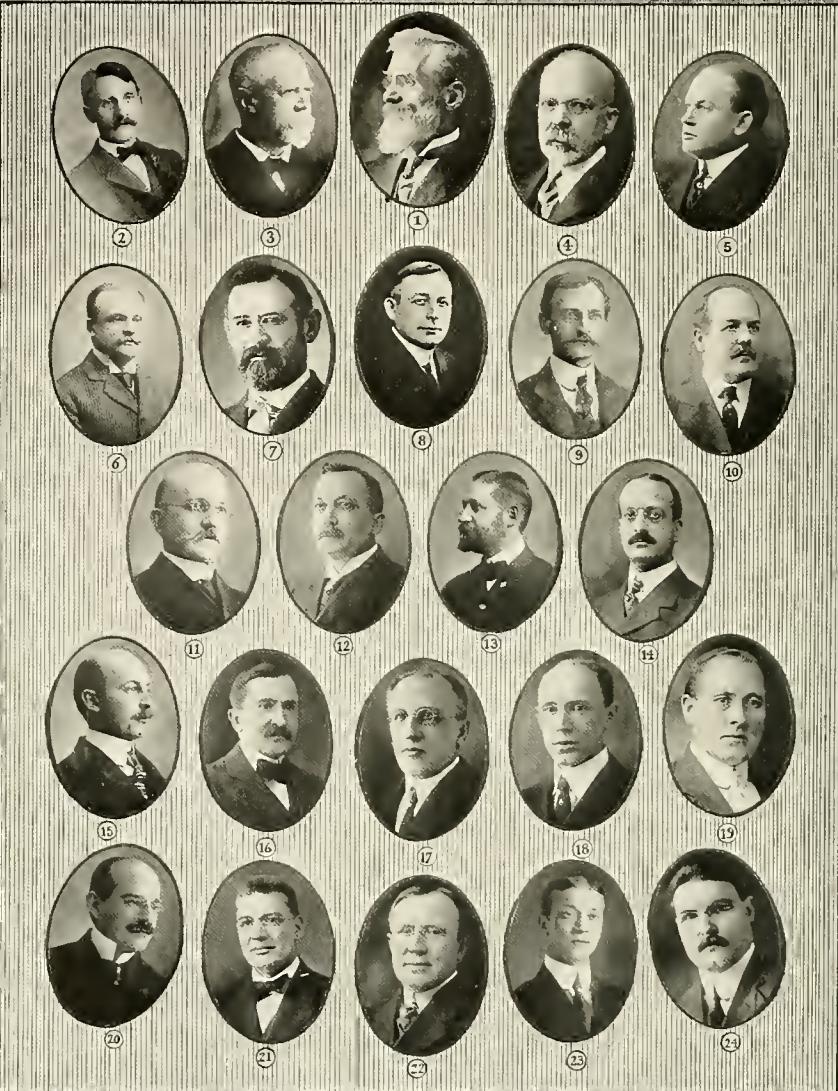
It will always be a struggle
When a life you'll try to save,
It'll be your lot to guard it
And to keep it from the grave.

For remember that's your duty
Men of '14 meet it square,
Let us show our Alma Mater
That such courage isn't rare.

So farewell to friends and College,
Our days of play are past:
Life is now a serious problem
Let's be worthy to the last.

ERWIN E. MAYER, '14.





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Post Mortem

I journeyed to the land below
Where after death all doctors go
To visit those who taught with zest
The junk I learned at P. & S.

I viewed the devil in his lair
And questioned with foreboding air
If my professors I might see
Who during life were dear to me.

With wreathing smiles upon his face
He led me to their hiding place;
And there I saw, I must confess,
Every Doc from P. & S.

My eye first fell on our good dean,
Whose face was drawn and very lean.
He said, "I'm here, I've got my dues,
Because I shunned all interviews."

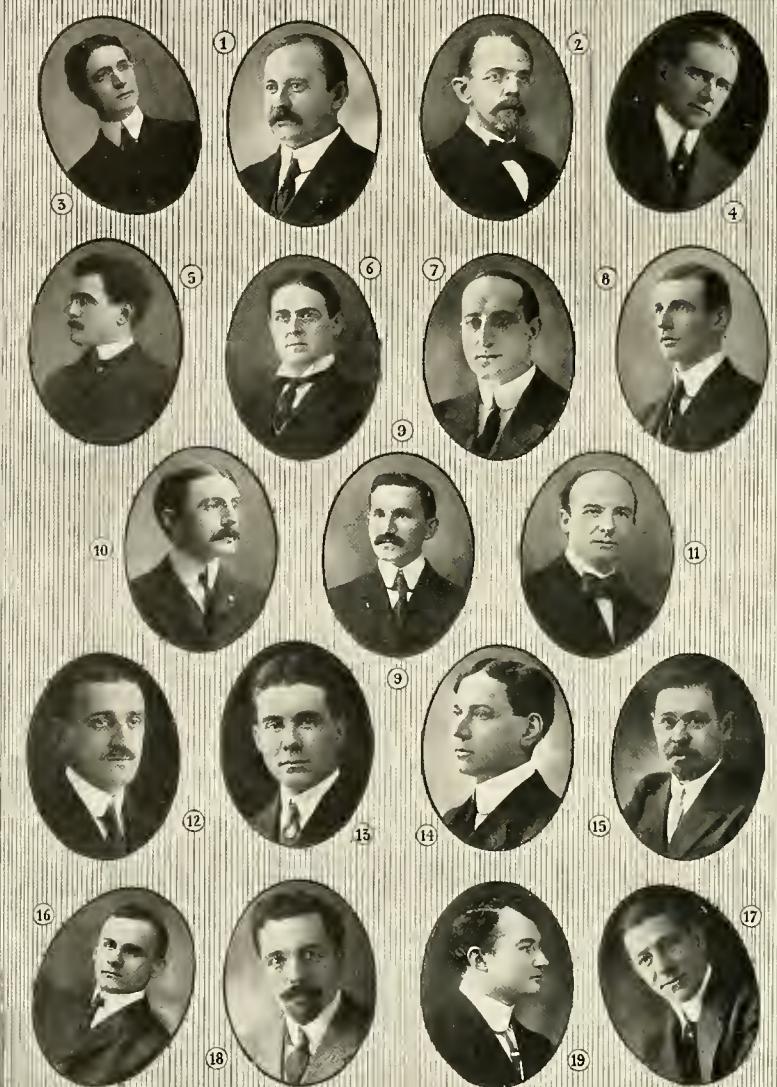
McGhone my eye did soon espy;
The air was rent with one long sigh.
"I'm here," he said, "from predilection,
Because I practiced vivisection."

The next in line was Doc McCleary,
Always game and still quite merry.
He's now within the Devil's meshes
Because he flunked so many Freshies.

Greenfield now before me came—
I never shall forget his name.
"He's serving time," the Devil said,
"For experimenting on the dead."

Dobbin, Gardner, Simon, Brack—
All of them were on the rack;
The Devil smiled and turned to me,
"I'll get you, too, some day," said he.

L. K. F., '15.

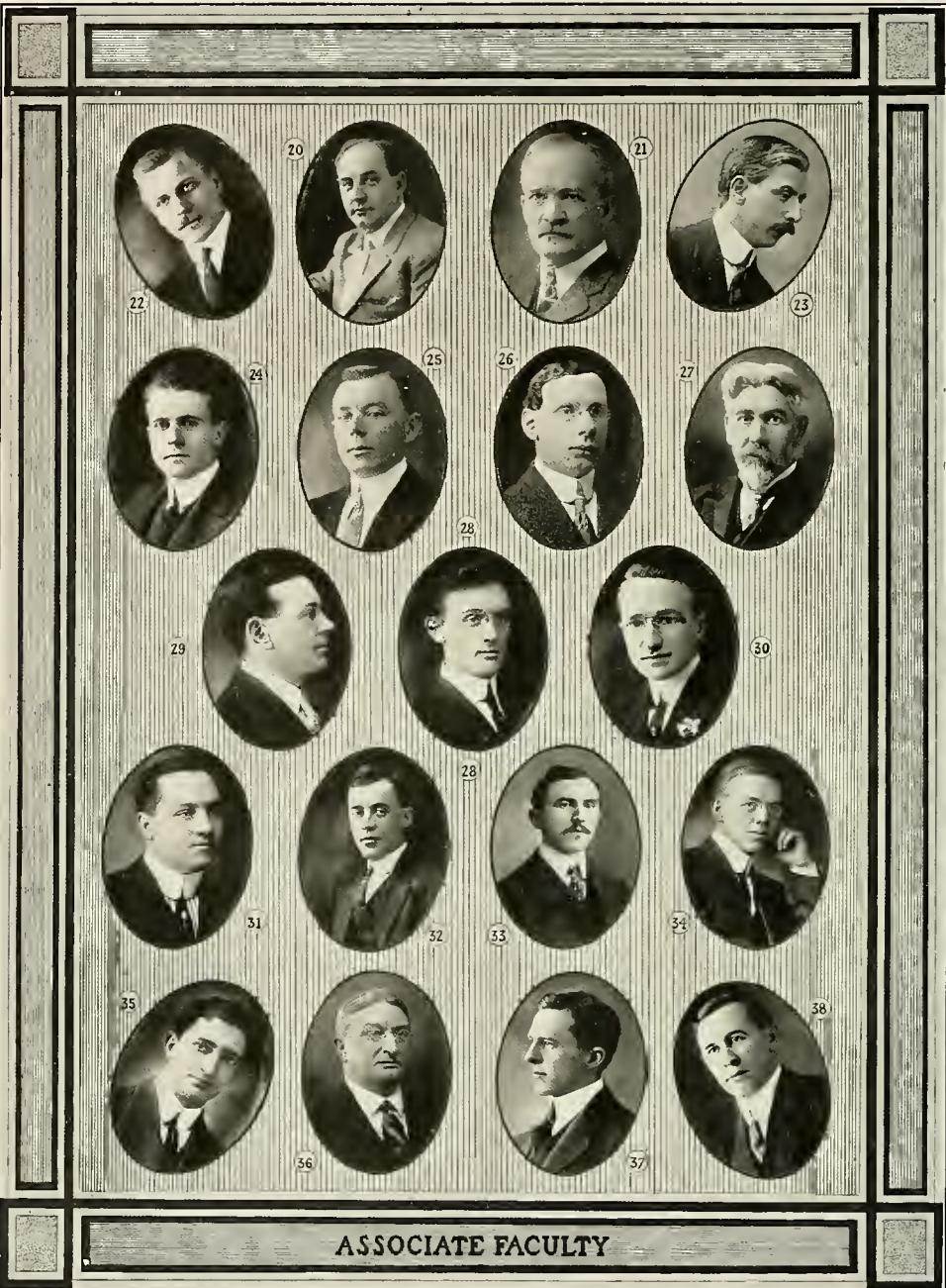


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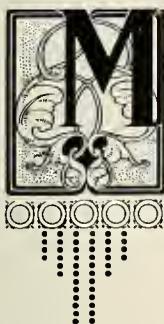


FRESHMAN

Class History



(Freshman Class—1913-'14).



AY it always be remembered that in the long and prosperous history of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore, Maryland, that there came in the month of October, A. D., 1913, a band of sturdy eager students possessed with everything but knowledge of medicine, to matriculate in the Freshman Class of said school. They were bold at first; nevertheless this boldness quickly retraced itself, and in its place there came a cold mysteriousness which always accompanies a green unsophisticated Freshman. This weird illusion soon vanished, to be supplanted by something more exciting—the election of class officers.

This was a storm where giants of speech wrestled for supremacy;

yet after the last great speech had been made, after the smoke of battled ramparts had cleared away, Friendship and Peace reigned supremely. Brotherhood was soon established when we came to know each other better.

Our next great trial was bones, known to the Sophomore Class as "Osteology." The Freshman Class shall always remember the three great pilots with Captain "Jack" Thorkelson, M. D., at the helm guiding us through the tubercles, trochanters, and tuberosities of those dry bones. Never shall the Freshman Class forget the careful, scrutinizing, watchful eyes of Dr. Stiffler and Jennings on examination day.

Then came examination in Histology or commonly called the "Freshman's Graveyard." Dr. McCleary stood there as the one great monument as we took our last slide over that terrible precipice under the microscope. We shall never forget his Irish wit and humor.

Then came Dr. McGlone with his puzzling Bloodclots and Guinea Pigs immune almost as we were immune, to the reception of knowledge.

Dr. Fort shall always be remembered long after his pills and syrups are forgotten. Last but not least is the greatest chemist in the world, the cornerstone of P & S., Dr. Hon. Simon. We beg to thank the Dean, Dr. Lockwood, for his watchful care and kind advice to us.

Our greatest consolation is to watch the morning mail which brings to us letters from mother, home, and sweetheart—and once a month a check from father.

In the following are a few of the statistics that bear on the evolution of the class:

Dr. Abraham, "one of the wise men of the east" who brought good news at Christmas.

Dr. G. H. Bloom, "I got back all right, boys."

Dr. L. H. Bloom, "I'll be 'there boys."

Dr. Bogus, "Give me a Fatima."

Dr. Boyle (Treasurer), "We should worry Perry—You're 'Hootin' Tootin.' "

Dr. Briscow, "The small man with a big noise."

Dr. Crouse, "The typical student."

Dr. Champlin, "Meet me at the church Sunday evening."

Dr. Champin, "Barbers are on a strike."

Dr. Clark, "He'ah."

Dr. Defeo, "Let's call a class meeting."

Dr. Eleder (Second Vice-President), "Talk to him, don't be afraid."

Dr. Fortney, "The inventor of heart governors."

Dr. Gonzales (Sherlock Holmes), "As I said before."

Dr. Hill (Sergeant-at-Arms), "One of the many hills of West Virginia."

Dr. Harkenstein (President), "Good-bye boys, I'm going from college to wife and children."

Dr. Herzog, "Who said I looked serious?"

Dr. Karr, "We've got to get down and get it boys."

Dr. Lasher, "I guess I'll go out and see her tonight."

Dr. Larue, "By jove kid, I guess I can tickle the ivories some."

Dr. Lynch, "Who said 'Shoot the bull?'"

Dr. Montgomery, "Gimme a chew."

Dr. McClintock, "The man who hung the adipose on the Indian until he lost his dignity."

Dr. McGladigan, "The Carnegie of the class—only he was Irish and red-headed."

Dr. Moyers, "By golly boys."

Dr. Perry (Secretary), "You are right 'Woodrow,' there are five layers on that head."

Dr. Smith, "I'll kill the Faculty when agitated."

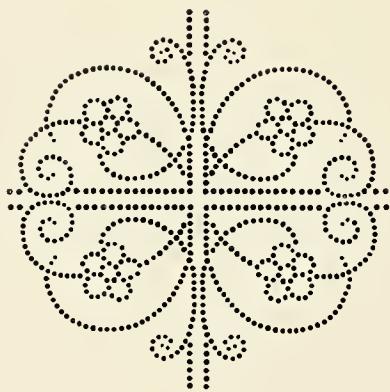
Dr. Stansbury, "Let's go out tonight, Bogus."

Dr. Viewig (Vice-President), "I have made up my mind."

Dr. Wheaton, "Watch me get her boys—some blonde."

The writer thinks it would be mutual and profitable both to the Faculty and students to continue as Sophomores in the year 1914-'15.

(Signed) RAY R. KARR, *Historian.*



The Freshman



A youth of a thousand cares,
As Mother sees him;
A son whose expense he bears,
As Father sees him;
An athlete so brave and bold,
As SHE now thinks him;
But lo! to the dunce stronghold
Professor links him.

McCALLION, '15.



FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class Officers

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M. VIEWIG

Vice-President

L. T. BOHL

Secretary

C. E. PEREY

Treasurer

F. C. ELEDER

Historian

R. R. KARR

Sergeants-at-Arms

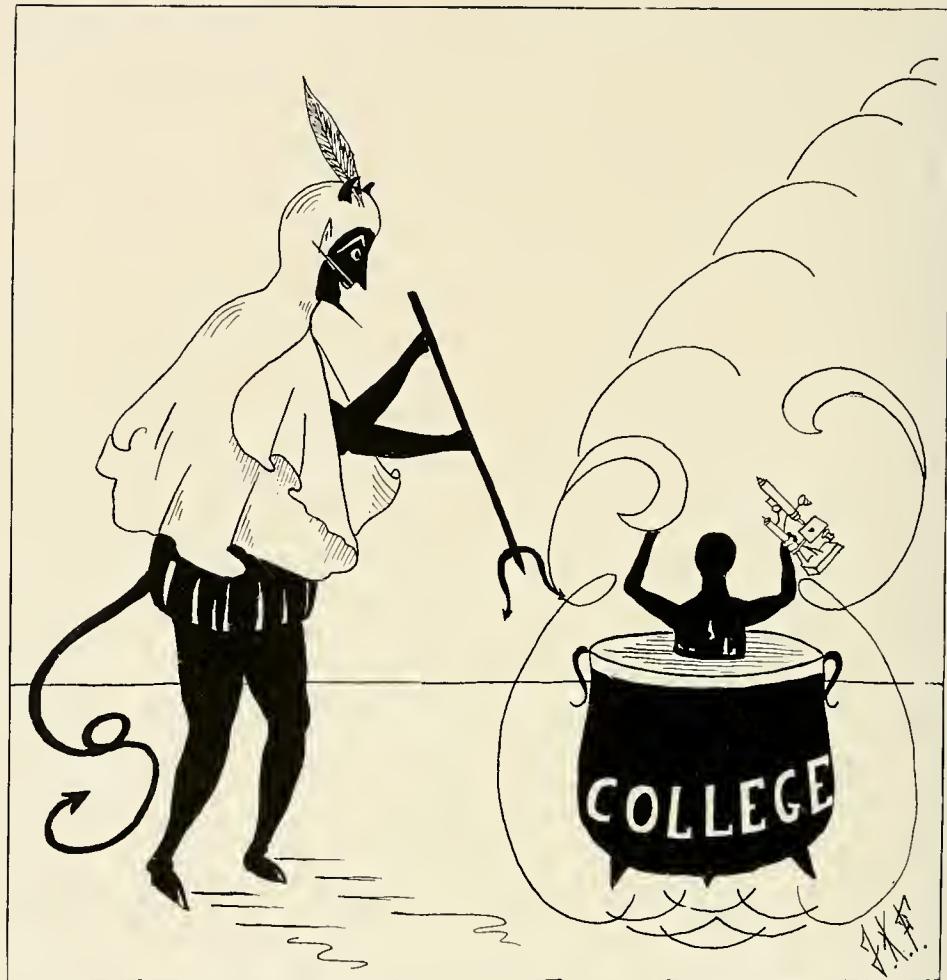
D. L. HILL

L. L. SMITH



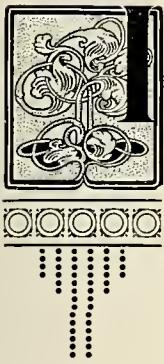
Freshman Class Roll

BOGGES, T. P.	West Virginia	KARR, R. R.	Ohio
BOHL, L. T.	New Jersey	KRAUSE, L.	Maryland
BLOOM, G. H.	Maryland	LA RUE, R.	Ohio
BLOOM, L. H.	Maryland	LASHER, L. A.	Pennsylvania
BRISCOE, EVERARD.	Maryland	LYNCH, R. A.	West Virginia
CHAMPIN, E. H.	New Jersey	McCLINTOCK, G. L.	Maryland
CHAMPLIN, R. D.	New York	McGLADIGAN, G. T.	Pennsylvania
CLARK, F. H.	Georgia	MONTGOMERY, W. T.	Pennsylvania
DEFEO, CHARLES.	Connecticut	MOYERS, E. D.	West Virginia
ELEDER, F. C.	Maryland	PEERY, C. E.	Virginia
FORTNEY, M. H.	West Virginia	SMITH, L. U.	Oklahoma
HERTZOG, F. C.	Pennsylvania	STANSBURY, F.	West Virginia
HILL, D. H.	West Virginia	VIEWIG, M.	West Virginia
IBRIHIM, ABDO.	Egypt	WEBER, T. T.	Maryland
WHEATON, H. W.	New York		



SOPHOMORE

Sophomore Class History



T is indeed pleasant to look back at a brief history of the achievements of 1916. In the year of our Lord, 1912, the month thereof being October, many young men, graduates and quituates of various preparatory schools and colleges scattered over the nation, bade farewell to the parental fireside and sallied forth in answer to the call of ambition. These young men had been chosen by the academic god, as the fittest of all the vast horde of their class, to journey over the hills and through the valleys to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and there sit at the feet of the mighty and gain wisdom. Such was the origin of the class of '16; I who write, am but one of this noble bunch, and they will one and all verify my statements.

On the day of matriculation, the proprietors of haberdasheries in the vicinity smiled and rubbed their hands in ecstatic glee as we fought frantically to gain admission to the college, but the Sophomores, outnumbering us two to one, and having advantage of position, held us at bay for the time being. However, such manifestation of the spirit of '76 on our part had the desired result, as we were not bothered by the Sophomores again during the entire year.

We assembled again last fall, transformed into all-beknowing Sophomores, and were very sorry to find some of our most familiar faces missing from our ranks. At the same time we were equally glad to welcome the few new members, which helped to form a class, which, though small in number, is recognized by the entire Faculty as one of exceptionally good quality.

We have the honor of establishing a precedent, which we hope will be maintained by all future Sophomore Classes, that of not hazing the Freshies; but I must add that the Freshmen have at all times had proper respect for their superiors.

If the historian were to record every event in which the Class of 1916 participated, the CLINIC would have to appear in two volumes. If you, dear reader, wish to read thrilling accounts of notable deeds, look up in any modern history of the world, or the Encyclopedia Britannica, the chapters devoted to this most important subject.

And now I can do naught but leave the fate of the Sophomore Class to the future, and if we may prophesy for the future by a study of the past, we have nothing to fear. Ideals we have. Ideals of surpassing beauty and priceless worth, which perch above and beyond and beckon us onward to the exalted position and royal robe of Senior.

R. K. FOXWELL, *Historian.*





Father Pays the Bills

The student strolls about the town,
In his mind great dreams abound;
But after all, he's always found
That Father pays the bills.

To the show he takes some fair dame,
He doesn't even know her name,
But they both enjoy it just the same,
'Cause Father pays the bills.

Dressed in a classy suit of clothes,
With tie to match his gay silk hose,
Stuck in his coat, a big red rose,
While Father pays the bills.

Up the avenue he walks,
Of big deals he always talks,
When treating time comes, he never balks,
'Cause Father pays the bills.

But now, our story is not so bright;
Examination time's in sight,
It's up to him to get in and fight,
Though Father pays the bills.

He tries to settle himself to work,
But it's so hard after all he's shirked.
Still he keeps on plugging like a Turk,
While Father pays the bills.

Now vacation time he faces,
He brags about his numerous cases;
And of all the times he stole the bases,
While Father paid the bills.

But now the awful news comes in,
He's flunked outright, oh! what a sin,
And back he goes to try again,
While Father pays the bills.

MAHONEY '15.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Class Roll

President

T. G. O'BRIEN

Vice-President

THOMAS P. CUNNINGHAM

Secretary

WM. G. LYNCH

Treasurer

E. P. DUNNE

Historian

RAYMOND K. FOXWELL

Sergeants-at-Arms

G. R. POST

C. H. LUPTON



Sophomore Class Roll

AIKMAN, D. M.	Pennsylvania	HARRINGTON, F. J.	Massachusetts
BAGGOT, B. T.	Maryland	HARTIGAN, J. W., JR.	West Virginia
BECK, F. A.	Pennsylvania	HOWARD, L. H.	Maryland
BIDDLE, B. H.	Ohio	KYLE, PAUL	West Virginia
BYRNE, J. P. A.	New York	LUPTON, C. H.	North Carolina
CANNON, J. M.	West Virginia	LYNCH, WM. J.	Connecticut
CHAPUT, LUCIEN R.	Massachusetts	MADDEN, WM. L.	New Jersey
CUNNINGHAM, THOS. P.	Rhode Island	MCLEAN, GEORGE	Maryland
DUNNE, E. P.	Connecticut	MORALES, R. R.	Porto Rico
FELDMAN, MAURICE	Maryland	O'BRIEN, T. J.	Connecticut
FLYNN, W. H.	Connecticut	PETERSON, A. F.	Massachusetts
FOLEY, M. J.	Connecticut	POST, G. R.	Virginia
FONT, J. H.	Porto Rico	SAVANNAH, J. G.	New Jersey
FOXWELL, RAYMOND	Maryland	ST. LAWRENCE, A. J.	Connecticut
GREUTZNER, EDWARD T.	Pennsylvania	SYROP, E. F.	New York
GONZALES, FILIPE	Porto Rico	TIERNEY, E. F.	Rhode Island
WOLFE, H. D.	Maryland		



JUNIOR

The Junior Class History



HIS isn't to be a full detailed account of what happened to, or what was done by the Class of 1915, either individually or collectively, during the term of '13-'14. No! time, space, and ability, forbid it. But rather, it is intended to be to any kind reader, whether he be friend or student—a review—to show that our class lived, moved, aye—did things to bring back cherished memories ne'er to be forgotten to those who in after years will take this old book from a shelf, a bookcase, or library table—maybe brushing a bit of dust from its cover and idly turning the leaves, will come to these few pages, drawing up an armchair, slipping down in its capacious depths, under the glow of the light, in the wierd, fantastic, lazy, whirling wisps of smoke from an old doodeen, a cigarette or, perchance, a perfecto.

The come-back took possession of us. We began to land in town either by boat, train, or on foot; so that on or around the first of October the pump-handle hearty greetings worked over-time, good tidings were on every tongue and prosperity beamed from the countenance of all. At the onset our ranks were somewhat thin, and in spite of the fact that several new members joined us, a gap of some 'teen remained. However, 'tis quality not quantity that counts; so we welcomed the new-comers and bade 'so-long, good luck, to those who's field of endeavor had 'taken them elsewhere.

Our position at the college was of an entirely different character than heretofore. We were not awed by the newness and strangeness of customs and methods, as in the first year, or handicapped by trying to keep the lid on Freshmanism, together with playing the role of Sophomore-wise fool to the letter. Instead, we had cast off our garments of green; handed down the whip, and had stepped onto a platform whose planks were dignity, ambition, endeavor and achievement; realizing that our game wasn't for fun, and that, not having a hand full of trumps, we'd be the discards if we didn't play with care. Hence the most if not all of us got right down to business at the start. Our respective sections claimed us and off we went chasing that elusive, yet more or less obtainable thing—knowledge. How new and different things were? The dispensary, the wards, the clinics, all new and inspiring, drawing us on like a hidden magnet. But newness will wear off, and in the course of time we came back to earth and got down to brass tacks.

"Twas along about this time that we elected officers for our class. Nominations were in order. "The ticket" was placed and voted in, regularly; as were the candidates for a few vacancies on the CLINIC Board. Let it not pass unheeded that the vote was unanimous, that is—nearly all the class were present.

Alas! alack! the underclassmen failed to furnish the usual fall entertainment and we actually had to quench our thirst on pink teas, the local football, or "Who Married Mary" in the movies. Behold! the result of modern eugenics and scientific baby culture.

A storm-cloud hung over us all the fall. Frequent rumblings were heard from the CLINIC men—subscribe for the CLINIC—do it now—but, there was very little lightning passed. The storm broke through on December second when Dr. Simon with his colored photography was the big noise. It was a success—"Clinic"ally, library-ally, and educationally, not to mention several new dodges of the law for having violated certain city ordinances.

Soon, exams got into the limelight; that is, we thought that they were going to. Their non-appearance called forth several class meetings, where, by the aid of considerable well-meant oratory, it was decided that exams should be posted, or we'd know the reason why. Well, we learned something about the reason why, but the exams weren't posted until later. Our landladies' gas bills took a leap. Heads fairly bulged with knowledge (?) worried, haggard, tired and drawn were the boys. Then we took one;—another a third; though something slipped—a watch stopped, or something; for we nearly missed connections, and went down to take a fourth, but we didn't wait to see what was wrong, we simply decided to beat it to the tune of Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. In a day or two most of us were back home.

Before leaving, the class made a New Year's resolution to return to college and our duties at the appointed time, January fifth, 'fourteen. It was carried out, for the first time in history. This, together with other resolves, gave evidences of contemplated industry. So after changing sections work, interrupted now and then by a stray return from an exam., and with the addition of many of the little things which happened from time to time, very little was to be said.

Next came the great campaign for the sale of tickets for "College Night" at Ford's on March the second, with Cohan and Harris' show "Nearly Married." Doctors Beck and Thorkelson gave us a send-off at a mass meeting in '51" and set the ball rolling by appealing to the student body for support—morally and financially. 'Twas a clear cold night. The theatre was filled with humanity and Freshmen. The Faculty, alumnae, friends, students and outsiders were there. It certainly was the best production that has ever befallen a "College Night." It was a joyous affair and laughing was predominate. 'Tis said many were the shekels that bulged the pockets of the committee in charge.

Our last change in sections came March eleventh. The CLINIC Board put a stop to this chronicle soon after, but the class history went on. Its members will continually be making history for old "1915," on through the days, months, years, on, on, nor does the end come.

The glow in the old pipe, or the smoldering cigar or cigarette stump, pales, goes out, the smoke clears, the light becomes dark and the reader passes beyond. Even these leaves may crumple to naught, but the history of old "1915" goes on--on.

HOWARD E. GARDNER.

Cure for Corns



Prune your corns in the gray of the morn
With a blade that's shaved the dead,
And barefoot go, and hide it so
The rain will rust it red;
Dip your foot in the dew, and put
A print of it on the floor,
And stew the fat of a brindle cat,
And say this o'er and o'er:
Corny, morny, baby, dead,
Gorey, sorey, rusty, red,
Footsy, putsy, floory, stew,
Fatsy, eatsy,
Mew,
Mew,
Come grease my corn
In the gray of the morn,
Mew, mew, mew.

Junior Class Officers

President

ANDREW J. JACKSON

First Vice-President

JOSE S. ARRACHE

Second Vice-President

H. G. PERRY

Secretary

H. G. LAW

Treasurer

L. L. CRAMER

Historian

HOWARD E. GARDNER

Sergeants-at-Arms

J. L. CONARTON

J. J. NOGUERAS

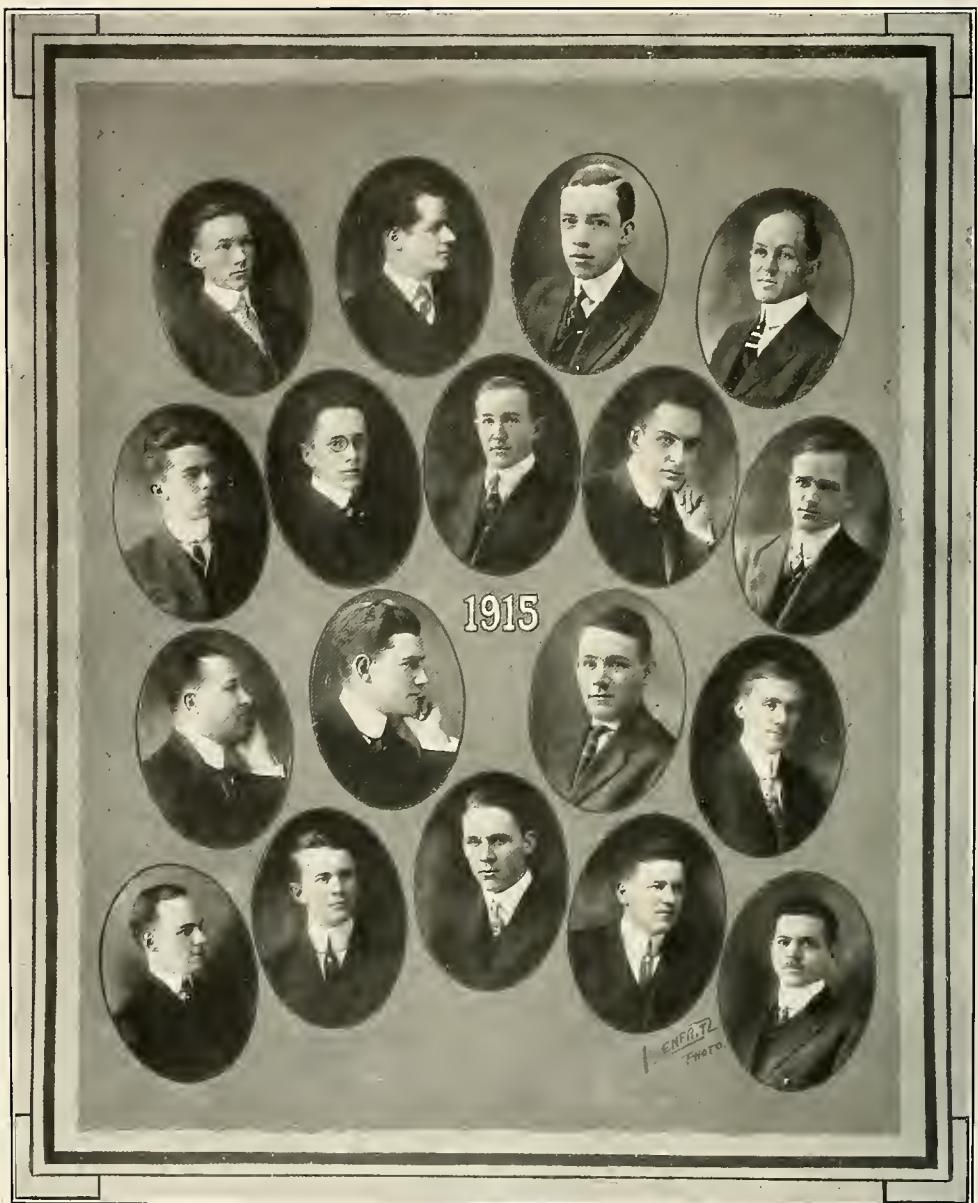


Junior Class Roll

ANDERSON, JOHN R.	Utah	STEELE, P. B.	Pennsylvania
ARRACHE, JOSE S.	Porto Rico	LINGER, BASIL	West Virginia
BASH, WM. H.	West Virginia	LOHAN, J. B.	West Virginia
BERRIOS, WM. B.	Porto Rico	LYON, CURTIS L.	West Virginia
BERRIOS, VICTOR C.	Porto Rico	MAHONEY, VERNON L.	Maryland
BRESLIN, R. H.	Rhode Island	MARTIN, F. G.	Maryland
CALLAGHAN, A. E.	West Virginia	McCALLION, W. H.	New Jersey
CARSON, LINNE H.	New Jersey	MCKENZIE, W. RAYMOND	Pennsylvania
CONARTON, J. L.	Pennsylvania	MILLER, L. G.	Maryland
COOPER, PRINCE	West Virginia	MORRISON, T. H.	Maryland
CRAMER, L. L.	Pennsylvania	NEUS, C. F.	Maryland
DE MARTINI, S. A.	Washington	NOUGERAS, J. J.	Porto Rico
DUNCAN, H. C.	West Virginia	PECK, R. S.	West Virginia
FARGO, L. K.	Maryland	PESQUERA, G. S.	Porto Rico
FERNOS, ANTONIO	Porto Rico	PERRY, H. G.	North Carolina
FITZPATRICK, E. E.	Rhode Island	PURCELL, E. C.	Porto Rico
GALVIN, THOS. K.	Maryland	RAEMORE, MILLARD L.	Pennsylvania
GARDNER, HOWARD E.	Massachusetts	RENZ, OSCAR W.	Pennsylvania
GONZALES, LUIS F.	Porto Rico	ROGERS, H. L.	Virginia
GOTT, FRED E.	West Virginia	SPALDING, W. C.	Texas
HEARN, WM. O.	West Virginia	SPANGLER, CHAS. C.	Maryland
HOLMES, COLIN M.	Maryland	SPROWLS, GARRETT E.	Pennsylvania
JACKSON, ANDREW J.	Massachusetts	STALEY, E. B.	Pennsylvania
JOHNSON, H. H.	Massachusetts	STEWARD, H. M.	Massachusetts
KEAN, T. S.	Maryland	TADEUSIAK, B. H.	New Jersey
KEARNEY, FRANK X.	Maryland	THORUP, J. M.	Utah
LAMB, THOMAS ALLEN	Virginia	TICKLE, T. G.	West Virginia
LAW, H. D.	West Virginia	TRACHTENBERG, ISRAEL	New York
LEVY, MILFORD	Florida	WELTNER, FRED P.	West Virginia
WOODALL, R. E.	West Virginia		



JUNIOR CLASS



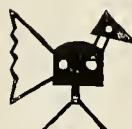
JUNIOR CLASS



The Leucocyte's Lament



The leucocyte was in a gland
With inflammation red,
He grasped a comrade by the hand
And with a sob he said:
Mid solitary follicles
I wend my weary way,
Deep down in crypts of Lieberkuhn
Far, far from light of day.
Alas: this aching nucleus
Can ne'er be free from pain,
While tissues hide my beauteous bride
I ne'er shall see again.
A rosy-red corpuscle she,
The pride of all the spleen.
Her like in this dark gland, I fear,
Will never more be seen.
A fierce bacillus captured her,
And reft her from my side;
Carbolic oil his plans did foil,
But ah; it slew my bride.
With pseudopodia feebly bent
And bowed down nucleus, I
Must turn to pus.—And, speaking thus,
He wandered forth to die.
Oh, lightly they'll talk of that leucocyte true
As they label and mount and degrade him,
But little he'll reck when with analine blue
They've stained and in Canada laid him.





SENIOR

Senior History



BEFORE commencing the delightful task of briefly recording the achievements and occurrences of moment of the Graduating Class of 1914, I feel called upon to make a brief introduction.

While in main, the narration of facts in this history is intended to follow the tradition—(to put down this class in the annals of our Alma Mater) still, since this class was fortunate enough to witness the eventful transitional stages of our school, it presents a significance of its own.

Let us go back to the early fall of 1910, when for the first time the new arrivals at P. & S. met each other, and enthusiastically engaged in the great study of medicine. Like all other new settlers, we were met by the natives, in the form of the Sophomore Class. Prior to the eventful battle of October the eighteenth, we were forced to go through a "Desert," and accept the "Ten Commandments." Thanks to the Baltimore police, and to the "Martial law" declared by the Administration, the mutiny was short lived, and we settled down to a more serious task—that of electing class officers. Our selection was as follows: President, P. B. Steele; First Vice-President, A. J. Gillis; Second Vice-President, John B. Webster; Secretary, Hugh R. McNair; Treasurer, Ervin E. Mayer; Historian, Frank G. Strahan; Sergeants-at-Arms, Estley T. Lake and J. O. Williams.

With the organization effected, and all excitement over, studies commenced and continued until the Christmas holidays.

Returning after the holidays, we were all glad to hear that we had successfully passed the mid-year examinations. We were now initiated into the mysteries of the dissecting room, there to learn the structure of that most wonderful machine—the human body.

Imbued with fraternal spirit, the class had a jolly time witnessing "Jumping Jupiter," the annual benefit performance for the CLINIC.

We now passed swiftly on to the "finals," which were bravely met and successfully overcome. Our first year at college was over.

Our classmates were by far the first to appear at college in the early fall of 1911. Although to the first roll call, a few failed to respond, the deficiency was made up by new arrivals from other schools, and our class became as large and significant as ever.

The election of class officers was again in order, and after a stormy campaign which consumed two days, the following officers were elected: President, John E. Maher; Vice-President, H. S. Kuhlman; Secretary, Alvin J. McClung; Treasurer, Homer A. Crossett; Historian, C. Albert Farrell; Sergeants-at-Arms, Estley T. Lake, Salvatore Seimeca and Alfonso J. Gomez.

Our attention was next called to the "Freshies," who came to dwell in our midst. After thorough discussion, it was thought to enact a code of rules, with the hope of avoiding the proof of our superiority by a "rush." But the Fates were against it, and on October the twenty-seventh the Freshmen were treated to a combination of lamp black and water.

After the accomplishment of this most miraculous feat the remainder of the time was spent in deep study for the mid-year examinations. Here again our colors were flying, and on December the twenty-second the crowd departed for the Xmas holidays.

The holidays passed, and the second semester was before us. After settling down, work went on successfully.

On February the fourteenth, College Night took place, "Pinafore" being the selection. This was the greatest social event of the year.

On January the thirtieth, the class picture was taken, which was also the occasion for an enjoyable time.

Next on the program came the election of the Year Book Committee. The CLINIC of 1913 was a proof of the wisdom of our selection.

Finals were again passed, and the boys went home for a few months' vacation.

October again found us at P. & S., this time in the roll of Juniors. On the twenty-fifth of this month, election of officers took place for the third time in the history of our class. O. H. Bobbitt was elected President; J. O. Williams, Vice-President; H. A. Crossett, Secretary; M. Carrera, Treasurer; H. Lipkin, Historian; H. L. Berman, B. W. Steele and A. McClung, Sergeants-at-Arms.

It was in our Junior year that the connections between the P. & S. and the A. M. A. were severed, but soon the difficulties were properly adjusted, and the college was again placed in A class.

Mid-years and holidays followed each other in quick succession, and on January the twentieth we witnessed the performance of "Yellow Jacket." Finals over, we departed for our last school vacation.

It was with a great deal of pleasure that we entered upon our Senior year. At last the goal is in sight, the goal for which we have worked with not entirely selfish motives. In our small way we hope to contribute toward helping mankind, conquering pain, banishing disease, recognizing always the essentials of true charity.

The usual routine followed, and a class organization was effected with the following results: President, A. J. Gillis; First Vice-President, I. G. Shirkey; Second Vice-President, A. Laugier; Historian, H. W. Rosenthal; Treasurer, T. E. Vass; Secretary, John B. Webster; Valedictorian, Frank G. Strahan; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. P. Floyd.

Time passed on, and here we are standing at the Golden Gate of the West, looking out over that broad expanse of water—The Ocean of Life. Over the gate is stretched our arch, upon which is seen the word "Graduate," rendered golden by the waning sun of our four years' college life. But who of us have built a vessel of theoretical and practical knowledge, strong enough to sail under the arch and away? This is left to time; yet one thing is certain,—if we do embark, we will carry with us the emblem of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Now as the end of our four years is near at hand, it is with regret that we think of parting. But since it is inevitable, let us give to each other, and our dear P. & S. our parting grip of farewell, and wish each other the best of success.

HARRY W. ROSENTHAL, *Historian*.



Senior Class Officers



President

ALEX. J. GILLIS

First Vice-President

I. G. SHIRKEY

Second Vice-President

A. LAUGIER

Secretary

JOHN B. WEBSTER

Treasurer

T. E. VASS

Valcditorian

FRANK G. STRAHAN

Historian

H. W. ROSENTHAL

Sergeant-at-Arms

F. P. FLOYD

=====

Executive Committee

Chairman

JESSE J. JENKINS

MANUEL PAJADAS

W. P. BLACK

H. L. LANGER

H. S. KUHLMAN



SALAMETH I. ARANKI, PH.G.,

Palestine.

Arriving at the college in the morning, as soon as the doors are open, he stays until dark.

He has never been known to miss a lecture when it could possibly be avoided.

The "Pigmy" has never held an office except "Mascot" on the baseball squad during his Freshman year.

Aranki is a studious fellow, who attends to his own work, and "gets away with it."

After graduation he will return to Palestine, carrying with him the best wishes of his classmates.



CARL BELL,

Φ X,

North Carolina.

Carl is one of our true Southern gentlemen. His charm of manner makes him immensely popular with the ladies. He is also well liked by the boys. The pleasing exterior is an index to his many sterling qualities of heart and mind, which should insure his success in medicine.





HYMAN S. BERMAN,

New Haven, Connecticut.

Sergeant-at-Arms, 1912-'13.

Under the combined guidance of Rosenthal and Lipkin, this little atom of protoplasm has finally reached molecular proportions. As Sergeant-at-Arms during his Junior year his outcome was quite favorable, losing only two weeks, while rendering yeoman services to his class.

He can always be seen on the front row ably protected on each side by his above comrades. There is very little that escapes Berman, and it is with difficulty that he is restrained from assisting the Professors with their lectures. Nevertheless he is a good student and is often found burning the midnight oil.



T. F. E. Bess,

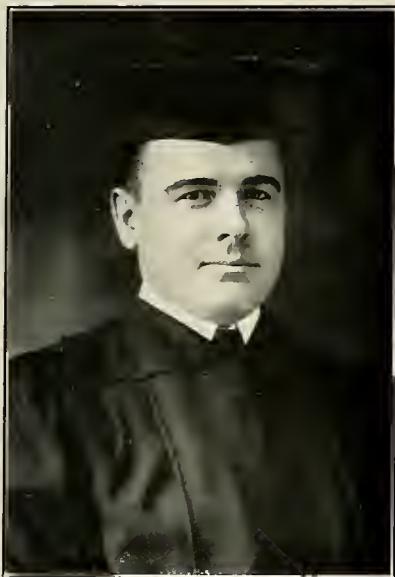
K Ψ,

Hinton, West Virginia.

We do not know what all of these initials stand for, but we might find out if we ask a young lady of Cumberland.

Tom is thinking very seriously of taking a partner in the plumbing business. He has started to learn the trade by manipulating a gas apparatus during his leisure moments. He has won great fame as an anæsthetist, and most of his success is due to his "Gas administering apparatus." As an interne he has no superior. We wish him a goodly share of success in all his undertakings, both professional and matrimonial.





W. P. BLACK "Blackie,"

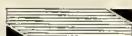
Rupert, West Virginia.

Executive Committee, 1913-'14.

One of the commuters. An easy going chap who minds his own business.

Black discontinued his course at college last year and traveled in the West.

He makes frequent visits to the library for reference—perhaps. Nevertheless, he is a good student, with a promising future.



O. H. BOBBITT,

Φ X,

Summersville, West Virginia.

President Junior Class 1912-'13.

Hydroxide "Bobby"—from the rank and file of U. C. T., he graduated with honors to become a medical student.

He has proven himself to be a valuable member of our class, both as to beauty and efficiency—except when rushes are on. In discussions with the professors as to the aspect of the case, he belongs to the "show me class." As a class politician of the "Woodrow" type he has no equal.





JOHN J. BRENNEN, PH.G.,

K. Ψ,

New York, New York.

"Jack" received his Ph.G. at Columbia, but was not satisfied with it and decided to be a Ph.G., M. D. This pious, saintly young man is considered one of the "high-brows" of the class, as he never fails to make a brilliant recitation. "Jack" should have graduated last year but for unknown reasons he spent the time at Bellevue. Let us all join in wishing him success as an administering angel to the sick.



MANUEL G. CARRERA, "Count,"

Porto Rico.

Treasurer, 1912-'13.

Carrera should not be a fullfledged M. D., but on account of severe illness this was delayed. Nevertheless, he's on his way, and there's no stopping him now.

Carrera is a mighty good student and is well versed on all his subjects.

Outside of wearing noisy suits and a French moustache, he has no failing that we know of.

Go to it Carrera! We'd like to see you get along.





HOMER A. CROSSETT,

Φ X,

Ohio.

Homer is one of the indispensable members of our class. His versatility is unbounded—he supervises the lights and operates the picture machine for the illustrated lectures.

His four years in our midst have been marked by conscientious effort, and we are expecting his future to show the fruits of his application.



L. B. DE LA VEGA,

Porto Rico.

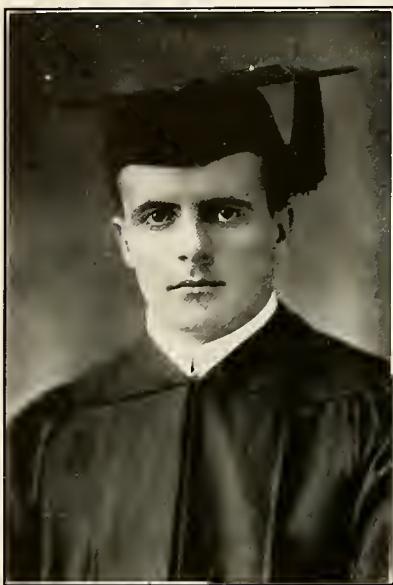
Assistant Business Manager, 1913-'14.

This tall, handsome young man hails from the little island of Porto Rico, where he sold drugs in his early life.

Luis believes in a "High Spirits" which protects him from the evils of humanity.

He is searching for a cure for tuberculosis and expects some day to be a great laboratory man.





CHARLES A. FARRELL, "Charley,"

Rhode Island.

This fellow jumped into fame in the spring of 1911 when he led his team of "Freshies" to victory over the haughty "Sophs" in the annual baseball game. This alone should stamp him as a chap of unusual ability.

Farrell always wears the same care-free smile whether "exams" are on or not.

He is doing good work, and it is not his fault that he comes from the little State of Rhode Island.



CARTER S. FLEMING,

Φ X,

Fairmont, West Virginia.

Here is our star singer. His musical talent, combined with a Chesterfieldian manner, makes him much sought socially. He does not, however, permit the demands of admiring friends to interfere with his college duties, and his career as a physician augurs well indeed. The people among whom he practices will be richly compensated for his absence during his sojourn at P. & S.





PATRICK FLOYD,

Φ X,

Tazewell, Virginia.

Class Officer, President, 1910-'11.

Sergeant-at-Arms, 1912-'13.

Sergeant-at-Arms, 1913-'14.

Virginia ne'er produced a man with pate so conspicuous—nor disposition so full of sunshine. Ever ready to cast aside the shadows with a joke, he has yet a serious side to his nature which is well worth knowing.



WILLIAM J. GATTI, "Bill the Dean,"

Φ Δ E

Pennsylvania.

Enthusiasm and good work are the "Dean's" mottoes. He can frequently be seen in the wards and autopsy room, and if not there is usually explaining to "Jack" Webster about two street cars running together. Some day we expect to see this collision, but when? Nobody knows.

If Bill's wishes come true we will probably see a distinguished surgeon or a real clinical pathologist, some day.

We wish you luck, Bill.





ALEX. J. GILLIS,

X Z X,

Carbondale, Pennsylvania.

President Class, 1913-'14.

Chief Monkey Run Fire Dept.

The busiest man in town. Has trouble in keeping his patients out of A. C.'s hands. His strong point is attending classes. His special delight, taking "exams." Makes an occasional trip down town on shopping expeditions. Popularly recognized as a class beauty. He has the high ambition of succeeding his father as leading physician and surgeon in the "Keystone State." Seriously—a most conscientious and popular student.



ATTIE T. GORDON,

Liverpool, West Virginia.

One of our benedicts. His summer residence is in West Virginia; his winter home on Lexington street.

Gordon is one of the hardest workers in the class. He is known to have absented himself from lectures on as many as two different occasions—when Teddy was trying to be elected President, and when "Matty" was pitching at Oriole park.

He has certain designs on surgery, but as yet is harmless.





HOMER E. HALFERTY, "*Hal*,"

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

This fellow has been with us since the beginning of the Junior year, having spent his first two years in medicine at "Pitt." While there he gained the reputation of being a sprinter of some renown. Have seen the medal he carries, though we have never seen him run. Hal is a popular member of the class and a good student.



HOWARD C. HEILMAN, "*Wifey*,"

Pennsylvania.

Literary Editor CLINIC, 1912-'13.

Complaint—only one—he dislikes women (?).

Past history—reared in the "Keystone State."

Has always been vigorous physically and mentally.

Present history—usually seen in the "Dutch row."

Diagnosis—exaggerated ideas of the amount of study he must do.

Prognosis—very favorable—medically. We hope he will reverse his opinion of the women, in which case he can't help being successful.





MERRILL F. HOSMER,

X Z X,

Westfield, Massachusetts.

Class Treasurer, 1912-'13.

Secretary and Treasurer of CLINIC, 1912-'13.

Hails from the "Land of Exceptions." A walking advertisement of the cigar industry. It is said he can really tell the difference between a "two-fer" and a twenty-five center with the bands removed.

After much persuasion on the part of Gillis, Hosmer moved from McCullough to Calvert street. There is a reason (?)

For points in farming in Massachusetts consult Hosmer.



JESSE J. JENKINS,

K Ψ,

Uffington, West Virginia.

Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; Chairman Executive Committee.

Commonly known as "Three J." but will answer to the name of Miss Jessie. "She hails from Uffington, West Virginia." He is a hard-working man and never lets a night pass but that he writes "Her" and then studies "some."

He won fame at West Virginia University in the Department of Zoology and other ologies. If we judge from his past attainments, we can only predict that great things will be heard from Doctor Jenkins.





HARRY S. KUHLMAN,

Φ X,

Ursina, Pennsylvania.

Vice-President, 1911-'12.

Member Executive Committee, 1913-'14.

A real Dutchman, and not half bad at that. Eats Sauer Kraut t. i. d. He is much devoted to his "Wifey" Heilman.

To see Harry making the rounds of the wards, one would think him to be a real doctor. He is a firm believer in Doctor Osler's book of medicine, and expects to specialize in this branch.



ESTLEY T. LAKE,

Pitcairn, Pennsylvania.

Sergeant-at-Arms, 1910-'11, 1911-'12.

Lake and his "Yellow Sweater" are familiar objects at P. & S.

After several years' service for the "Pennsylvania Railroad Company" he spent some time at the Otterbein University, and finally landed at P. & S.

He has never said just what influenced him in taking up the study of medicine, but hearing of a certain nurse back in Pittsburgh, we think we can guess.

This we know: that when Lake decided to study medicine the country lost a great politician.

He has dreams of becoming a surgeon in the navy or a medical missionary.

If Lake prescribed for others as frequently as he prescribes for himself we are sure he will be a busy man.



HERBERT L. LANGER, "Herb,"

Φ Δ E,

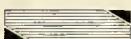
Weeharoken Heights, New Jersey.

Executive Committee, 1913-'14.



A little village like Weeharoken couldn't keep Herbert, because he was out looking for bigger things. P. & S. was the biggest he could find, which accounts for his being here. He's pretty well liked by the fellows, and has that happy faculty of being able to mind his own business. "Herb" is quite chummy with "Kid" Mayer, which is only to his credit, however. We have been told that while out increasing the population of this city he christened a little "lad of color" after the above gentleman's name.

Herb is a good student and works hard and will no doubt make good in his chosen profession.



A. R. LAUGIER,

Porto Rico.

Literary Editor CLINIC, 1912-'13.

Second Vice-President, 1913-'14.

"Gus" is one of Porto Rico's best sons. Leader of the Phi Chi Delta. He studies hard, is up with his work, and we expect to see him at the top of the ladder. (Here's hoping the ladder doesn't break.)





HARRY LIPKIN,

Φ Δ E,

New York City.

Historian, 1912-'13.

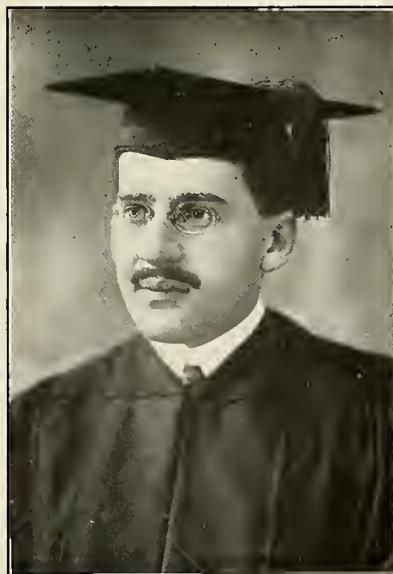
When Lipkin first arrived in Baltimore in his Sophomore year he was suffering with a marked enlargement of his cranium. This has almost been reduced to a minimum now, after much hard work. He has a brother-in-law instructor in surgery at Fordham, but what that has to do with him we do not know. Harry knows his stuff and has a complete set of notes on all subjects. In these notes you can find all the sighs, commas, abbreviations and gestures made by the lectures. He is a faithful worker and will make good.



JOSEPH LIPSKY, "Joe,"

Baltimore, Maryland.

Joe is one of the few who hail from this fair city of beautiful women and monuments, not forgetting the cobble-stone streets. He may easily be recognized by his characteristic walk and his varied assortment of gaudy neckwear. This latter he claims was imported for him from the wilds of Africa and we believe him unhesitatingly. Joe is quite an authority on "chicken"-pox, and no doubt he will some day be on the visiting staff of St. Elizabeth's Home. He has great faith in Veratrum Viride and uses it for all his patients. Joe works hard and is a good student.





ERWIN E. MAYER,

Φ Δ E,

Baltimore, Maryland.

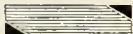
Treasurer, 1910-'11.

Manager Baseball Team, 1911-'12.

Advertising Manager CLINIC, 1912-'13.

"Kid," a prince among students, is as popular with the under-class men as he is with the Seniors. He is full of "wim, vigor and vitality," and his "pep" will surely get him by.

When not attending classes he can be seen in the wards allaying the pains of suffering humanity. His most difficult task in college is to prevent Langer from disarranging his pompadour.

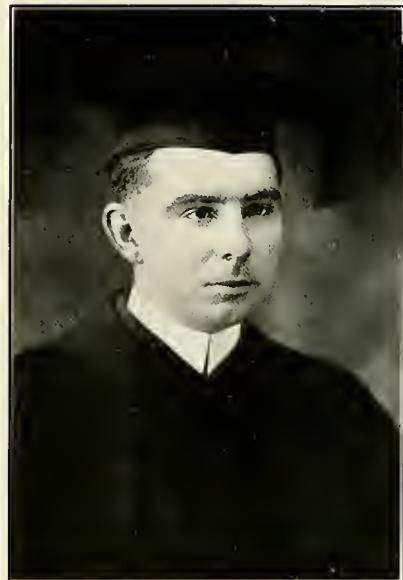


JAMES P. McMANUS,

Φ X,

New Haven, Connecticut.

Quiet, almost taciturn. Speaks little yet means much, his words carrying the weight of deliberation. Hailing from New Haven, he brings us much of our sister school. His knowledge of baseball and football is exceeded only by that of medicine. His futurity is not measured by air-castles, his past is an example of exactness. As a gentleman, a scholar, an athlete and a physician. We wish him well.





FRANK M. MOOSE, A. B., "Bull,"

Δ O A,

Dallas, Texas.

To begin with, Frank is one of our very best. He came to us in our Junior year, and so far we have been unable to find the "Bull" part of his name. "Texas," though, a little lean, long and lanky, is a good student and a conscientious worker. He has been on the house staff at Mercy Hospital during his Senior year, and has given all his time to hospital and college work.

We are strong for you, Frank, and are pulling for you. Here's hoping you make your mark.



LEONARD M. PALITZ,

Baltimore, Maryland.

This stately gentleman can always be seen at class sometimes, occupying a seat in peanut heaven. Palitz is a hard worker and has many other duties to perform. He takes quite a leading part in the charity organizations of the city and in the religious services at the Baltimore city jail. He is a conscientious man and works faithfully and diligently in his studies. He deserves the good wishes of the entire class and we hope he will make good.





MANUEL E. PUJADAS,

Porto Rico.

Member Executive Committee, 1913-'14.
You don't say it, you sneeze it. He came to us from the University of Maryland in his Sophomore year. He was never called on in quizzes during his first six months with us, because the Prof's couldn't pronounce his name.

"Pajamas" is a good fellow, rather good-looking and a mighty good student.

"Pajadosos" will make good, and we predict a good future for him.



WILLIAM B. RICHARDSON, "Bill,"

X Z X,

Parkersburg, West Virginia.

Captain Baseball Team, 1911-'12.
Business Manager CLINIC, 1913-'14.

"Bill" has been with us the entire four years, thus giving ample time to find out all his good qualities. He is now very busy trying to maintain his position as one of the foremost members of the newly formed "Mustache Club." "Bill" is a hale fellow well met—though he is equally as ready for hard work as for pleasure.

If "Bill" becomes as popular among his perspective patients as he is with his fellow classmen success is surely in store for him.





HARRY W. ROSENTHAL,

New Jersey.

Literary Editor CLINIC, 1912-'13.

Ladies and gentlemen, behold the father of 250 children! Harry is Superintendent of an Orphan Asylum, which is only a side issue to his medical activities, however. He is very well liked by his classmates and is a quiet, unassuming man. He is also a patron of the bald-head row and is of invaluable aid in keeping Berman quiet. Harry works hard and deserves to make good.



I. G. SHIRKEY,

Φ X,

Sissonville, West Virginia.

Vice-President Senior Class, 1913-'14.

A very congenial young fellow who hails from the "Hills of West Virginia."

He possesses considerable musical talent, and his "rag-time melody" cheers us up considerably, especially around examination time.

He is a very ardent worker in the search of medical knowledge and never misses anything except his breakfast—occasionally.

Shirkey is bound to make things hum when he totes his diploma back to Sissonville.





FRANK G. STRAHAN,

Φ X,

New Jersey.

Class Office—Valedictorian.

His advent into P. & S. was not heralded by the blare of trumpets, yet we were not long in discovering his presence. His four years at a medical college have had no deleterious effects. He is tall of stature, dignified in carriage, big of heart, of a demeanor unassuming, and possesses in rounded measure those requisites which go to make a successful physician.



R. H. WALKER, "Shorty,"

Φ X,

Copenhagen, West Virginia.

Editor-in-Chief CLINIC, 1912-'13.

A quiet, unobtrusive, dignified chap, well liked by everybody. He is very fond of gynecology and surgery, and is sure to be successful in his chosen work (provided, of course, that he can find enough patients in the mountains of West Virginia to practice upon). Walker thinks a man should be so equipped as to do a major operation with no assistant one thousand miles from a hospital. This is a high ideal, but we feel sure he will live up to it.





JOHN B. WEBSTER,

X Z X,

Fall River, Massachusetts.

Advertising Manager CLINIC, 1912-'13.

Etiology—lived too long on “Choirine row.”

Complaint—too busy.

Family History—negative.

Physical Signs:

(A) Inspection—fat and fair.

(B) Palpatation—soft and flabby.

(C) Percussion—dull in places; otherwise—tympanitic.

Symptoms—complex.

Diagnosis—(?)

Prognosis—hopeful.

Treatment—“There ain’t none.”



J. O. WILLIAMS,

Φ X,

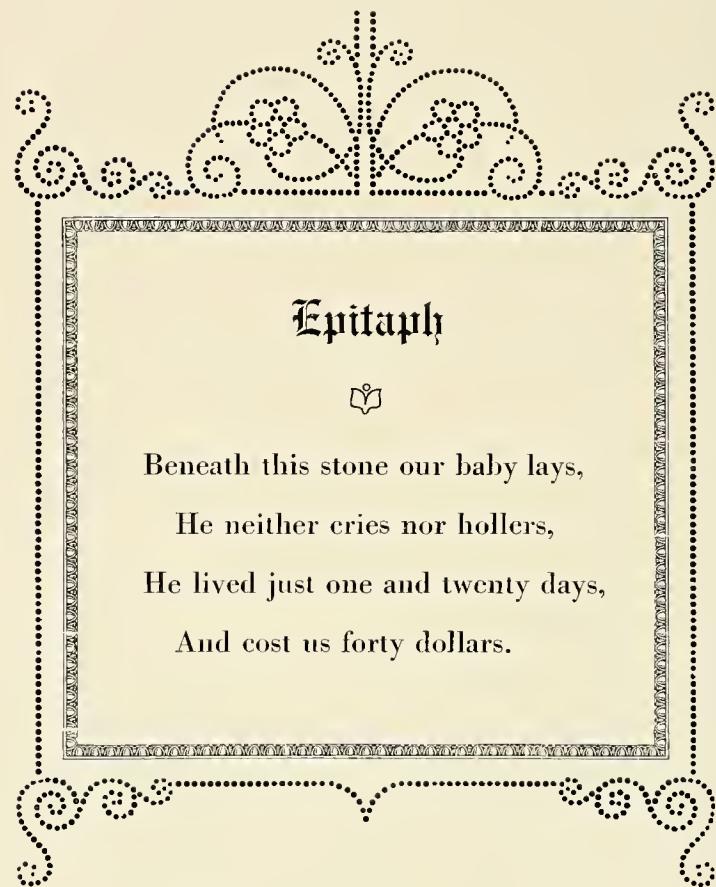
Leivasy, West Virginia.

This quiet, unassuming chap, after spending many years in seeing the greater part of Uncle Sam’s country, decided one day, while climbing Pike’s Peak, to become a doctor.

One of Williams’ chief pleasures in life is to be able to ask one of the boys a question he cannot answer.

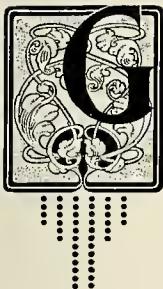
Here’s hoping Williams reaches the Pike’s Peak of his chosen profession.





Ed.—*The above was copied from a tombstone
in Massachusetts.*

Godspeed, Seniors



ODSPEED Seniors. You are leaving us and we shall miss you. Having proven your worth and ability, you are going out into the world to fill a place, be it prominent or humble, in the ranks of a profession nobler than which there is none. Bear with you always the inspiring thought that yours is a holy mission, for through you the Great Healer ministers to His suffering people. It is not yours to go forth as the peddler who vends his wares to those only who can pay his price.

In your life work, we undergraduates, your friends, wish you a full measure of true success. But what constitutes true success and how shall we measure it? Surely an inventory of one's earthly goods showing a goodly balance upon the credit side doesn't constitute true success. Many soulless petty tradesmen, by virtue of sharpness to the point of dishonesty and a happy (?) faculty of doing their neighbor both thoroughly and frequently, amass great fortunes. Would you rate your profession with theirs? Hardly. No, we cannot measure true success by dollars and cents—our unit of measurement must be charity expressed in terms of service to humanity.

Nor are these examinations here by which your worthiness of your degree is tested, and those elsewhere which must be taken before you may practice your profession, the only examinations you must undergo. Sooner or later there must come to us all the Great Final by which we are adjudged passed or flunked in the great course of life.

It seems a very human characteristic for us all, scoffer and skeptic, as well as he who has faith, when we are awaiting the summons which we know must soon come and which there is no ignoring, to give ourselves up to retrospection—to look back over our lives and from that brief review to form an opinion as to whether or not we are prepared to make that journey from which there is no return, and to where none may say.

Unfortunate is he who, when the Great Final is posted by the Angel of Death, knows he is unprepared. He knows that neither a remarkable tenacity of memory which kept him at the head of his class in school nor an unusual analytical brain which brought him fame as a diagnostician nor a daring combined with faultless technique by virtue of which he was proclaimed a great surgeon can avail him now. It is not his skill in his profession which is on trial—it is the use he has made of his profession upon which he is to be examined.

The Great Healer calls the roll—we pass on to meet the issue. According as we have lived we go quietly confident on the one hand—with quaking fear on the other.

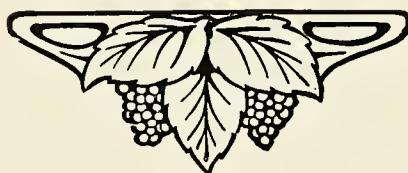
Have you prostituted your profession? If in your heart of hearts you know your hands are clean, that no blood of unborn life wantonly destroyed leaves its indelible stain there, and if you know that your services were ever equally at the beck and call of wealth and poverty—you may rightly answer, no.

Have you endeavored conscientiously during your professional life to develop a maximum ability in your life work so that your service to man might be greater? Not only is it your duty to keep fresh in your mind the salient points of the present system of diagnosis and treatment, but if you would be of greatest service to your community you must keep up with the great strides the science of medicine is making by virtue of new discoveries.

When confronted with danger have you played the part of the man or the coward? Here your conscience now entirely devoid of that convenient elasticity which characterizes too many a conscience during life will truthfully tell you whether or not thoughts of personal danger have ever deterred you from your duty when yours was the power to save life or alleviate suffering. Ours is not a profession for a coward, and to our credit be it truthfully said that evidences of cowardice are conspicuously absent in the annals of medicine.

These are the questions you must answer on that great day when you give to your maker an account of your stewardship, an account of the use you have made of your profession. Even as here we are graded on our examinations so there we shall be graded according as our life has approximated the ideal one. If we plug and cram here, as most of us do in preparation, is it not worth while to try and live a life which shall be in itself a preparation for an examination at which the issues at stake are infinitely higher? It is surely worth a thought—think it over.

H. H. J.





Stolen Goods



EXPOSING A QUACK.

A quack had instituted suit to recover his bill for medical services rendered. The defense was quackery and worthlessness of the services rendered. The doctor went upon the witness stand and was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, as follows:

"Did you treat the patient according to the most approved rules of surgery?"

"By all means—certainly I did."

"Did you decapitate him?"

"Undoubtedly I did; that was a matter of course."

"Did you perform the Cæsarean operation upon him?"

"Why, of course; his condition required it, and it was attended with great success."

"Did you then subject his person to autopsy?"

"Certainly; that was the very last remedy I adopted."

"Well, then, Doctor," said the counsel, "as you first cut off the defendant's head, then dissected him, and he still survives it, I have no more to ask; and if your claim will survive it, quackery deserves to be immortal."

EARLY STAGES OF CONSUMPTION.

"When is yer gwine ter Fredericksburg?" asked an Austin darkey who had learned to read, of one who had not acquired the accomplishment.

"I am gwine termorrow mornin' in de early stage."

"Don't yer go in the early stage, Julius. I tells yer don't risk it."

"Why not, Pompey?"

"Bekase de early stages am sickly. I read a piece yesterday, warnin' folks about consumption in the early stages."

OH LORD! DELIVER US FROM A FRANK FRIEND.

A Western paper, in describing an accident recently, says, with much candor: "Dr. Jones was called, and under his prompt and skillful treatment the young man died on Wednesday night."

OH G'LONG.

"What's become of that old feather-duster man who used to come around?"

"Oh, he was arrested."

"Arrested! What for?"

"Selling cocktails without a license."

THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE.

It was midnight. Lord Algy, attired in full evening dress, was swimming in the basin of a public fountain in one of London's squares. To judge from the stroke he was using, Lord Algy was slightly intoxicated. An English "bobby" hearing the splashing, ran up to the fountain and flashed his pocket lamp upon the swimmer; whereupon Lord Algy exclaimed with fervent gratitude: "Thank God! The lights of Dover!"

GOODNESS GRACIOUS!

Mother (looking through the magazine): "Darling, I see from statistics given here that every third baby born in the world is a Chinese."

Father (fondling his first born): "Then thank God this is our first."

EXACTLY.

Doctor—You are all run down. You ought to quit business entirely.

Patient—In other words, doctor, because I am run down I ought to wind up, eh?

A PENALTY FOR EVERYTHING.

"Well," declared the man who had been looking over the law, "there seems to be a penalty for everything except stealing a man's daughter."

"Oh," said his friend, "there's a penalty provided for that, too."

"What is it?"

"Hard labor for life."

IT WAS ALL THE SAME.

Two doctors met one day, and one said to the other: "I hear you operated on Smith yesterday. What did you do that for?"

"Why, for a thousand dollars."

"Yes, I know," replied the other; "but what did you operate for?"

"Why"—with some impatience—"for a thousand dollars."

"Yes, yes, I know; but what I mean is, what did Smith have?"

"Why, I've told you twice already—a thousand dollars."

ABOUT WHAT THEY'RE LIKE.

"I fancy last night finished my reputation," said young Harold as his friend looked him up the night after the ball.

"Finished you?" asked the friend.

"Yes, my drunken condition at the ball."

"Why, not at all, man. Haven't you seen this morning's papers? You're the social hero; everybody thinks you have invented a new dance."

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN OLD SCOTLAND.

"I hope you are following my instructions carefully, Sandy—the pills three times a day, and a drop of whiskey at bed time."

"Weel, sir, I may be a wee bit behind wi' the pills, but I'm aboot six weeks in front wi' the whusky."

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WAY.

Miss Varney was trying to illustrate to her youthful Sunday-school class the lesson. "Return good for evil." To make it practical she said:

"Now suppose, children, one of your schoolmates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an apple, that would be one way of returning good for evil."

A little girl, sitting in one of the front seats, raised her hand.

"Well, Elizabeth," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Then," said Elizabeth firmly, "he would strike you again to get another apple."

THE CUSTOMER KNEW BEST.

"Generally run down, sir?" queried the druggist; "slightly seedy and you want a good toning up?"

The pale-faced customer nodded.

"Well, I've the very thing for you—Jenkins' Juvenator. Three doses a day and more if necessary. Fifty a bottle."

"No, thanks," said the pale patient.

"But, my dear sir, it's the rage of the day. Jenkins' Juvenator is the greatest discovery of modern medicine. It's the rage of the season. Every one is rejuvenating, you might say."

"Yes, but I think I'd rather try something else," replied the customer.

"Nonsense," pressed the chemist. "I tell you Jenkins' Juvenator will have more effect on you in a single day than any other medicine could have in a month. It cures everything from coughs to corns. What is your objection to it?"

"Why, nothing, only I'm Jenkins."

A GET-RICH-QUICK PLAN.

"Is there any money in a perpetual-motion machine?" asked the inventor.
"I guess there is," said the man with the red tie. "I have a little machine in my store that would bring me in millions if I could keep it in perpetual motion."
"What is it?" asked the other.
"A cash register."

ONE BETTER.

A lawyer and a physician met on the street one day and in the course of their conversation began discussing the merits and defects of their respective professions.

"Well," said the doctor, "you must admit your profession does not make angels of men."

"Yes, I confess," said the lawyer, "you doctors have one on us there."

HIS KIND.

A traveler who believed himself to be the sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal isle hid for three days, in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland, and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump he heard a voice say: "Why in hell did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and devoutly raising his hands, cried: "Thank God, they are Christians!"

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

A quack doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience.
"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years, and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

From a voice in the crowd came:

"That dead men tell no tales."

CADAVEROUSLY SPEAKING.

Philadelphia—"You're a dead image of Taft," a drug clerk told the ex-President as he purchased a shaving stick. "Don't emphasize the dead part of it so," Taft replied.

SUPERFLUOUS.

"The question is," said the young M. D., "how long can we keep him alive?"
"And sick," added the elder M. D., correctively.

LUXURIOUS.

Johnny handed the following note from his mother to the teacher one morning:

"Dere Teecher—You keep tellin' my boy to breathe with his diafram. Maybe rich children have got diaframs, but how about when their father only makes two shillings a day and has got five children to keep? First it's one thing, then it's another, and now it's diaframs. That's the worst yet."

SPECIFIC TREATMENT.

Mrs. Gooseberry—De chile done gone an' swollered 'r bottle 'r ink.

Doctor Giglamps (newly graduated)—Ink—plain ordinary ink? Humph; this is easy! Oxalic acid will remove ink im nediately. I'll write you a pre-scription for it.

WILLIE'S TROUBLE.

There was a sound of revelry by night. The Bloggeses were giving a party.

Mr. Bloggs had just obliged with the touching ballad, "Tis Love That Makes the World Go Round" and Master Bloggs seized the opportunity to sneak behind a screen with his father's pipe.

Shortly afterwards it was observed that the boy wasn't well. His face was pallid and his eyes stood out. Cried Mrs. Bloggs:

"Goodness, child, what's the matter? I do believe you have been smoking."

"Tain't that, ma," he replied, untruthfully. "If it's true what father's been singing about, I—I—must be in love.

THE RETURN.

One morning the little daughter of a Christian Science family walked across the lawn to a neighbor's.

"Good morning, Dorothy. How is your father?" asked the neighbor.

"He's better, thank you," Dorothy answered politely. She came up on the veranda and stood close by the lady's chair. "Mrs. Stringer," she asked solemnly, "do you believe in God?"

"Surely, my child. What makes you ask me that?"

The little girl stood silent with her eyes down for a moment. "Well," she said at length, with a sigh, "we had to go back to Doctor Dean."

DOCTORS.

In days of old
The doctors bold,
In ignorance of bugs,
Essayed to still
A mortal ill,
With nauseating drugs.

But in this age,
It is the rage,
When sickness intervenes,
Blindly to treat
The Obsolete
With serums and vaccines.

God only knows
As science grows,
In years that are to be,
How they will send
Each ailing friend,
Into eternity.

THE WORST WAS YET TO COME.

"Doctor," asked a patient, "I am feeling much better now, and I want you to let me have your bill." "Nonsense, sir;" said the physician. "Do be calm; you are not strong enough for that yet."

ACCORDING TO CUSTOM.

A patient once said: "Doctor is it absolutely necessary to operate on me?" "Well, no," said the doctor, "but it's customary."

SOLOMON ON THE JOB.

A local physician who acts as examiner for accident insurance companies said that he has to be watchful in order to keep the companies he represents from being stung on accident claims.

A man was in my office, who said that he had fallen from a street car. I examined his arm and though there were a few bruises on it, it didn't appear to be badly hurt.

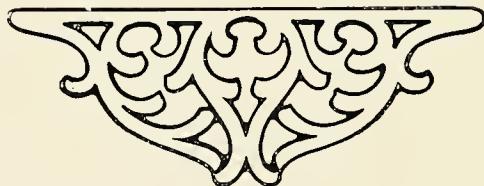
"How high can you raise it?" I asked, and he answered by raising his arm with apparent difficulty, until his hand was a few inches above his head.

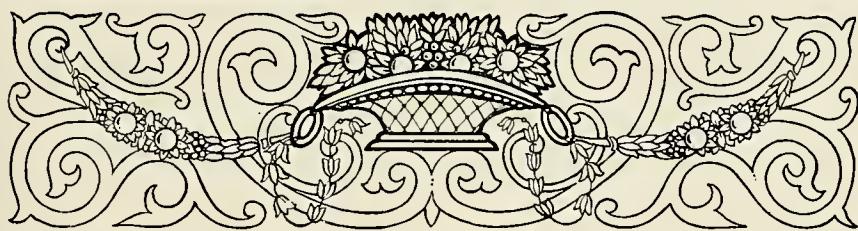
"Pretty bad," I commented. "Now show me how high you could raise it before the accident happened?"

He lifted it easily then, way up in the air, and it wasn't until I began to laugh that he realized that he had exposed himself. He cleared out in a hurry then.

SO THEY SAY.

Appendicitis is something that enables a doctor to open a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account.





The Junior ABC



- A** is for Arrachi, a Puerto Rican true.
B is for Berrios, who says "that we are two."
C is for Callaghan, a wizard with the scope;
D is for De Martini, who shoots artistic dope.
E is for a chap who never sought admission,
F is for Fitzpatrick, our ward politician.
G is for Galvin, the most modest of the bunch,
H is for Holmes, of whom we have no hunch.
I is for an unknown chap, of great and mighty deeds,
J is for Johnson, the King of the Swedes.
K is for Kearney, a chemist very near.
L is for Linger, who was married just last year.
M is for McCallion, who smokes his classmates' dopes,
N is for Nogueras, who surely knows the ropes.
O is for another chap who's always full of life,
P is for Perry and his newly wedded wife.
Q is for Quinones, who left us last term,
R is for Rogers, who will have to live and learn.
S is for Spalding, who moves in proper spheres;
T is for Tractenburg, of French descent, one hears.
U and V are other lads who're missing from our ranks,
W is for Weltner, who is heavy on his shanks.
X, Y, Z is for all the bunch that's in our Junior year,
Etc. stands for all the names I have not mentioned here.

L. K. F.





FRATERNITIES.

Chi Zeta Chi



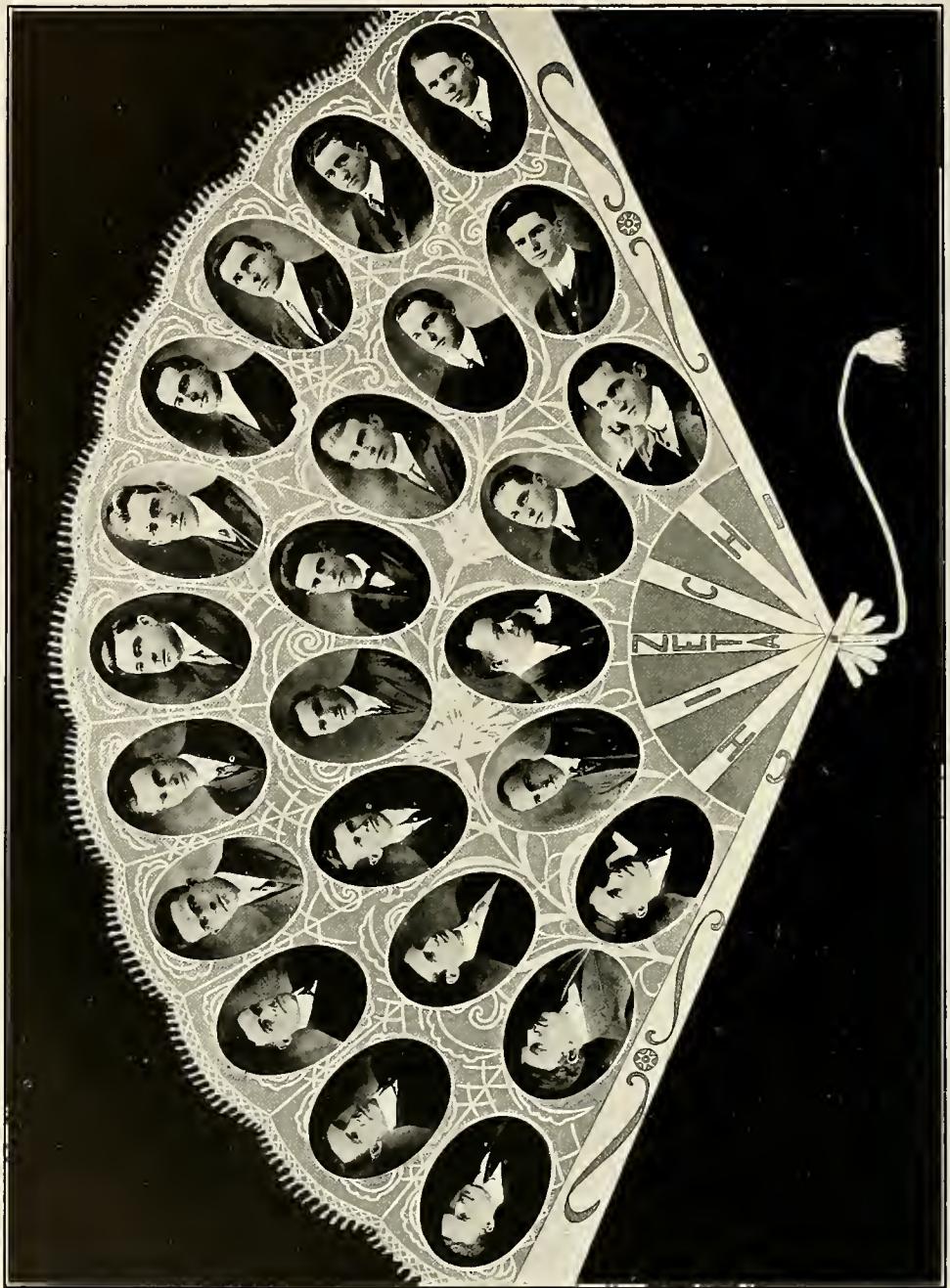
Founded Nineteen Hundred and Three at the University of Georgia.

Fraternity Colors—Purple and Old Gold

Fraternity Flower—White Carnation.

Roll of Active Chapters

Alpha.....	University of Georgia, Augusta, Ga.
Beta.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, N. Y.
Delta.....	University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Epsilon.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Atlanta, Ga.
Zeta.....	Baltimore Medical College, Baltimore, Md.
Theta.....	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Kappa.....	Atlanta School of Medicine, Atlanta, Ga.
Lambda.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Memphis, Tenn.
Mu.....	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Nu.....	University of Arkansas, Little Rock, Ark.
Xi.....	St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Omicron.....	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Pi.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.
Rho.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Sigma.....	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Tau.....	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Upsilon.....	Fordham University, New York, N. Y.
Phi.....	Lincoln University, Knoxville, Tenn.
Chi.....	Long Island Medical College, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Psi.....	Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.





682

Rho Chapter, Chi Zeta Chi



Roll of Membership

SENIORS

A. J. GILLIS	W. B. RICHARDSON
M. F. HOSMER	JOHN B. WEBSTER

JUNIORS

J. L. CONARTON	BASIL LINGER
L. L. CRAMER	V. L. MAHONEY
L. K. FARGO	WILLIAM McCALLION
E. E. FITZPATRICK	H. G. PERRY
T. K. GALVIN	H. L. ROGERS
A. J. JACKSON	W. C. SPAULDING
F. X. KEARNEY	

SOPHOMORES

B. T. BAGGOT	L. H. HOWARD
RAYMOND K. FOXWELL	T. F. O'BRIEN
W. H. FLYNN	WM. J. LYNCH

FRESHMEN

D. L. HILL	G. T. McGGLADIGAN
------------	-------------------

Friendship



(*Quotations by Henry W. Longfellow*).

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
But the endeavor for the self-same ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

The name of friendship is sacred;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you.

Let all be forgotten between us—
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, tho' no word be spoken.

Come back, ye friends whose lives are ended;
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away.

O Friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night, darkens the landscape o'er.

Come back, ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearthstone of my heart.

Phi Chi Fraternity



Installed March, 1902

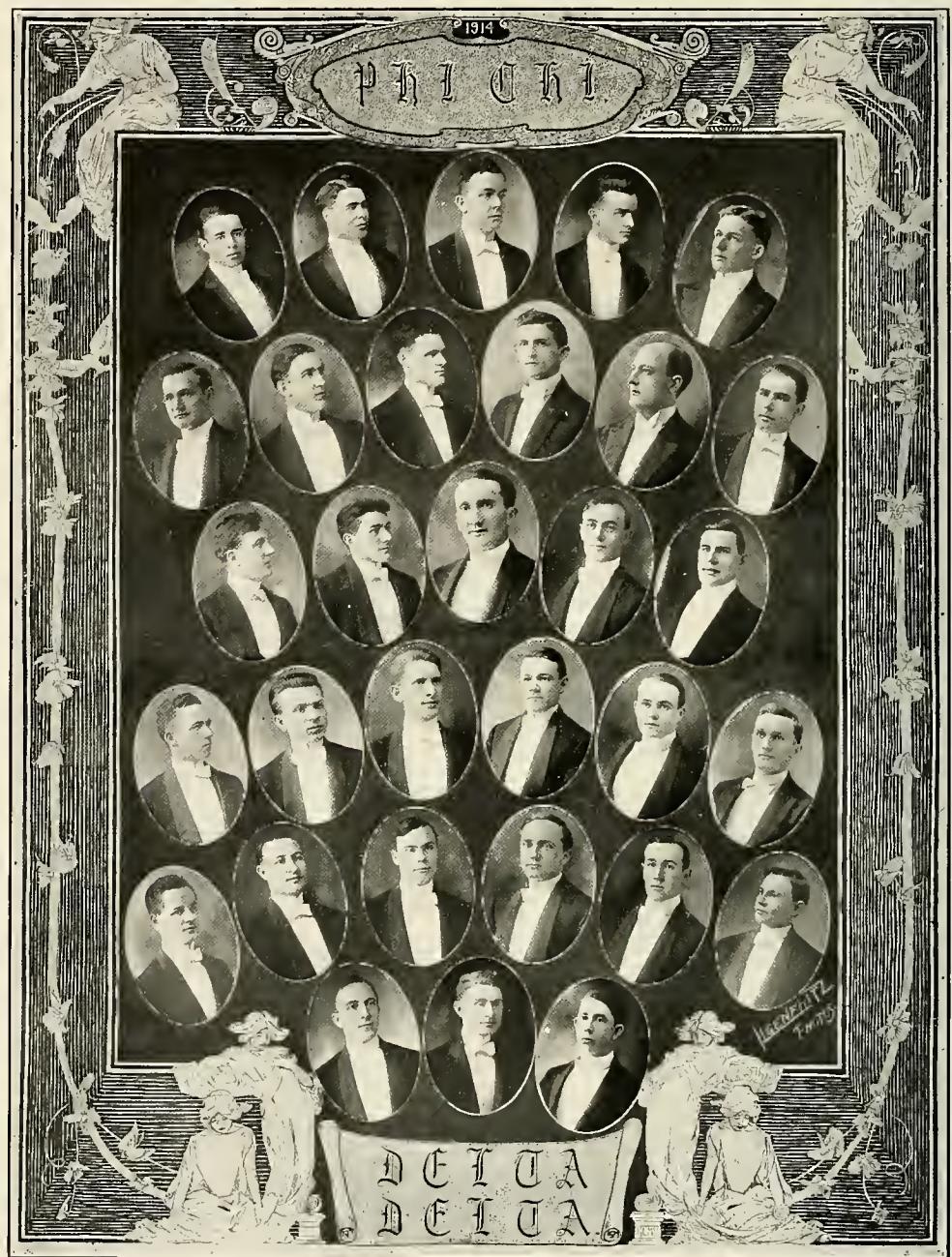
Delta Delta Chapter

Flower—White Carnation

Founded 1878 at University of Vermont.

Chapter Roll

Alpha.....	Medical Department of University of Vermont
Alpha Alpha.....	Medical Department of University of Louisville
Alpha Theta.....	Western Reserve University, Ohio
Alpha Mu.....	University of Indiana
Beta.....	University of Oregon
Beta Beta.....	University of Maryland
Gamma.....	Ohio State University
Gamma Gamma.....	Medical College of Maine at Bowdoin College
Delta.....	Tufts College Medical School
Delta Delta.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore
Epsilon.....	Detroit College of Physicians and Surgeons
Zeta.....	Medical Department of University of Texas
Theta Eta.....	Medical College of Virginia
Theta Upsilon.....	Temple University, Philadelphia
Iota.....	University of Alabama
Iota Pi.....	University of Southern California
Kappa.....	Georgetown University
Kappa Delta.....	Johns Hopkins University
Mu.....	Indiana University Medical School
Xi.....	Texas Christian University
Omicron.....	Tulane University, New Orleans
Pi.....	Vanderbilt University
Pi Delta Phi.....	University of California
Rho.....	University of Chicago
Sigma.....	Atlanta Medical College
Sigma Theta.....	University of North Carolina
Sigma Upsilon.....	Leland Stanford, Jr., University
Tau.....	University of South Carolina
Upsilon Pi.....	University of Pennsylvania
Phi.....	George Washington University
Phi Beta.....	University of Illinois
Phi Rho.....	St. Louis University
Phi Sigma.....	Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery
Chi.....	Jefferson Medical College, Pennsylvania
Chi Theta.....	Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia
Psi.....	University of Michigan
Psi Rho Sigma.....	Northwestern University





E A Wm. Greenhill

Delta Delta Chapter, Phi Chi



Roll of Membership

SENIORS

F. P. FLOYD	W. I. STOCKDON
C. W. BELL	J. O. WILLIAMS
F. G. STRAHAN	R. H. WALKER
O. H. BOBBITT	C. S. FLEMING
H. S. KUHLMAN	I. G. SHIRKEY
J. P. McMANUS	H. A. CROSSETT

JUNIORS

L. G. MILLER	H. E. GARDNER
C. F. NEUS	C. C. SPANGLER
R. E. WOODALL	S. A. DEMARTINI
H. H. JOHNSON	B. H. TADEUSIAK
W. R. MCKENZIE	H. D. LAW
E. B. STALEY	

SOPHOMORES

T. P. CUNNINGHAM	G. R. POST
W. L. MADDEN	A. F. PETERSON
H. D. WOLFE	

FRESHMEN

G. H. BLOOM	L. H. BLOOM
R. A. LYNCH	G. L. MCCLINTOCK



Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A.



Officers

President

J. U. ROHR

Vice-President

H. D. LAW

Secretary

G. R. POST

Treasurer

J. J. JENKINS

Bible Study Chairman

F. M. MOOSE

Membership Chairman

ERWIN E. MAYER

Social Chairman

W. H. BASH

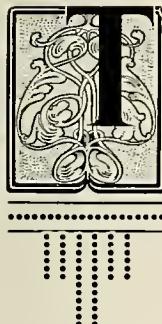
Literary Chairman

H. S. KUHLMAN

New Student Com. Chairman

C. C. NOHE

...History...



THE Y. M. C. A. at the College of Physicians and Surgeons is coming more and more to the foreground every year, and is now occupying the place which it justly deserves. It has become one of the actual needs of our students, and is a leading factor in college work. Its advantages are such that there is hardly need for a lengthy description in order to prove the Association's merit and value.

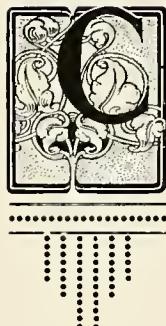
Probably one of the greatest roles the Y. M. C. A. plays in our college work is among the Freshmen. As soon as the new men arrive, the men connected with the Y. M. C. A. make it their business to see that they become acquainted, find suitable accommodations, and lead them towards the right direction. Here it doesn't act as an organization, but as a big brother.

The result of these talks and chats with the Freshman Class is that this year we have more men in the membership than ever before.

The Y. M. C. A. also furnishes magazines and newspapers for the college library. Those desiring athletic reading can find everything in the line of sport at the Central building, which is within a few squares of the P. & S.

The Y. M. C. A. is the only organization in the college which is non-sectarian, and to which every man can belong.

We have been especially fortunate in having Dr. Sanger and Dr. Novak as advisers, and their talks and counsel are much appreciated.



COLLEGE Life and Athletics are inseparable, and to publish a College Annual and make no mention whatever of the work accomplished in this most important branch is a high crime indeed, subject to the severest censure.

Now, we have no wish to be censured. Furthermore, we are not the kind to hide our light under a bushel. We wish the world to know of our achievements, and profit by the knowledge.

Our boys, for sheer strength alone, are unsurpassable. The Mexican Athletic Club, famous for "throwing the bull," is in itself a distinctive feature of our school, and one that we are justly proud of.

Our Polo Teams are A number 1. With "skates" on, our first team is a wonder; and when it comes to the "ponies," there's nothing the second team doesn't already know. We are mightily puffed up about our Polo Teams, but can you blame us?

The Track Team is one of the largest in our school. For proof of this assertion, station yourself at the college entrance some morning, between the hours of eight and nine, and watch the members make "hundred-yard dashes" into the building. No charge will be made for this exhibition.

The Tennis Club is practically a new institution; but its members have all had experience in the "courts," and we are optimistic for the future.

Of course our school boasts of a Crew. Its members scorn the use of the shell for racing, and use "schooners" instead. We must not forget to add that every member of the Crew is also an expert with the horizontal "bar."

Football and Baseball, too, have their place on our list. The P. & S. "Eleven" is famous for "rushes," and a "highball" seldom passes a member of the "Nine."

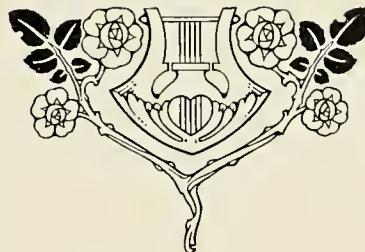
The Gym Team is a cracker-jack with the clubs, dumb-bells, and rings. And that is not all. Its members are positively known to have gambled in "hearts," "belles" that are not dumb by any means, and "rings" set with diamonds as big as cherries. How is that for ambition?

Our Rifle Club is not to be scorned either. Every member is right there when time for target practise comes around. We must admit that it is harder to hit a crack in the floor than a bull's eye on a pole; and that much practise is therefore needed to become skilled in the art. The members of this club always have money to buy their own tobacco, and we consider this sufficient proof of their ability as marksmen.

Our Bowling League is exceedingly popular, too. Only members of Fraternities are admitted to this club, as being more likely to prove experts with the "pins."

If there is any branch of Athletics that we have omitted, we wish to say that it is not for lack of material. It is because we wish to leave some little room for advancement along these lines, for future classes, and for future years.

J. K. F.





1913—1914

September 1—Preliminary course in clinical lectures.

September 15—Entrance examinations.

September 22—Examinations for conditioned students.

September 30—College opening at 8 P. M.

October 1—Lectures began.

November 27—Thanksgiving holiday.

December 2—Dr. Simon's lecture on Color Photography in the College Amphitheatre.

December 16—Mid-year "exams."

December 21—The boys leave for home.

January 5—Lectures resumed.

February 22—Washington's birthday.—Holiday.

March 2—Theatre Night at Ford's.

March 17—Benefit at Loyola for Baseball Team.

April 1—The CLINIC goes to press.

May 20—Finals.

June 10—Commencement.

Dr. Sam of New Orleans



Down in the old French quarter,
Just out of Rampart street,
I went my way
At close of day
Unto the quaint retreat,
Where lives the Voodoo doctor,
By some esteemed a sham;
Yet I'll declare there's none elsewhere
So skilled as Dr. Sam.

With claws of a devil crawfish,
The juice of a prickly prune,
And the quivering dew
From a yarb that grew
In the light of the midnight moon.

I never should have known him
But for the colored folk,
That here obtain,
And ne'er in vain
That wizard's arts invoke.
For when the Eye that's Evil
Would him and his'n damn,
The negro's grief gets quick relief
Of Hoodoo—Doctor Sam.

With the caul of an alligator,
The plume of an unborn loon,
And the poison wrung
From a serpent's tongue
By the light of the midnight moon.

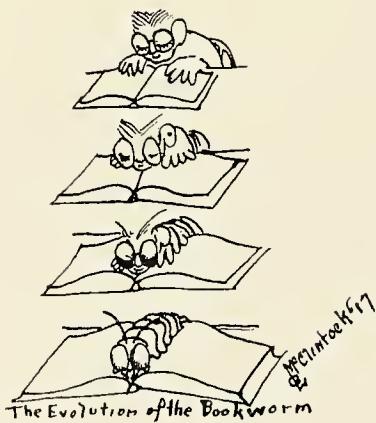
In all neurotic ailments
I hear that he excels,
And he insures
Immediate cures
Of weird, uncanny spells;
The most unruly patient
Gets docile as a lamb,
And is freed from mill by the potent skill
Of Hoodoo-Doctor Sam.

Feathers of strangled chickens,
Moss from the dank lagoon,
And plasters wet
With spider sweat
By the light of a midnight moon.

They say when nights are grawsome,
And hours are, oh, so late,
Old Sam steals out
And hunts about
For charms that hoodoos hate;
That from the moaning river
And from the haunted glen,
He silently brings what eerie things
Give peace to hoodooed men.

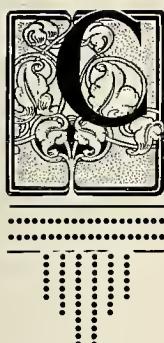
The tongue of a piebald possum,
The tooth of a senile coon,
The buzzard's breath that pants for death,
And the film that lies
On a lizzard's eyes
Neath the light of a midnight moon.

EUGENE FIELD.





An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure



ONSIDERING this statement even casually, one is impressed with the great significance of it, and upon more careful study, a means to prevent much sorrow and sickness presents itself.

Prior to the year 1846, the surgeon was unable to do full justice to his calling, or to attempt any of the operations that today are of frequent occurrence, and which sometimes border on the miraculous. What was it that brought about this change? Was the surgeon prior to this date less skillful, less daring? Searching the pages of history we get our answer. In this year Dr. T. G. Morton demonstrated to the surgeon, and in fact, to the world at large, the use of ether as an anaesthetic; the occasion being when he rendered unconscious a patient suffering from a vascular tumor, so that Dr. John Collins Warren, one of the most prominent of American surgeons, could operate without pain to the patient, or indeed the return to consciousness until after the operation was completed.

It is with a feeling of considerable pleasure and local pride, that I mention the name of Dr. Morton, the discoverer of ether, inasmuch as he studied dentistry at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, which is affiliated with our own College of Physicians and Surgeons, and which college in 1849 presented him with an honorary diploma in medicine.

While operations could now be carried on without great discomfort to the patient, it was noted with considerable dismay that inflammation and suppuration followed after the operation, and various theories were advanced as to the cause of their appearance. Klebs, one of the pioneers of the germ theory, published, in 1872, a work on septicemia and pyemia, in which he expressed himself as convinced that the causes of these diseases must come from without the body. Billroth, however, strongly opposed such an idea. He asserted that fungi had no special importance either in the processes of disease or in those of decomposition.

We see from these diverse opinions, that little or nothing was known definitely as to the cause of inflammation and suppuration in open wounds, and it was not until 1875 that Sir Joseph Lister, a distinguished English surgeon, assured himself that these diseases were due to the entrance into the wounds of germs from the air, instruments, fingers, etc. He suggested and employed a solution of carbolic acid for the purpose of keeping sterile the hands of the operator, the skin of the patient, the surface of the wound and the instruments used. Further than this, he concluded every operation by a protective dressing to exclude the germs at a subsequent period.

This form of precaution was known as "Listerism" or antisepsis, and while it spread slowly at first, finally became observed in all departments of surgery and obstetrics. Innumerable lives have been saved by Lister's contribution to medicine, and thus bears out our original thought that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Investigation continued along the interesting and broad study of bacteria and their relation to disease, and, aided by the use of the compound microscope and other new devices, many new discoveries were made possible that would otherwise have failed.

Although a long step in the right direction was taken by Sir Joseph Lister, there yet remained much room for advancement along these lines. Finally, there evolved the method we now employ, namely: that of Asepsis. Here we find the surgeon gowned in sterile gown; his hands, which have been carefully scrubbed, encased in sterile gloves; the instruments he uses, sterile; in fact his entire surroundings, sterile, and all for the one purpose—to PREVENT possible infection.

Having considered mainly the surgeon thus far, let us now turn our attention to the physician and see if he is doing all he can to prevent disease. In this connection, I have in mind the general practitioner, or as he is more familiarly known, the family doctor. That he is ever ready at beck and call, night or day, to hasten to the bedside of the sick, and do all in his power to relieve pain, is known and acknowledged. But does he as completely fulfill all that may be expected of him in preventing the spread of disease. From my personal observations, I think not. The early recognition of a disease, such as diphtheria, and the prompt administration of anti-toxin, might well be considered here, but I will limit myself to the consideration of a phase which I feel is but little thought of by the busy practitioner, but to my mind a most important one, namely: Sanitation. I have been told, when speaking about the matter to physicians, "Oh, let the Board of Health or the City Department look after that; we haven't time to bother with it." This, I believe, is a mistake. The family doctor is in closer touch with conditions than is the Board of Health, and should give the matter more thought.

The meaning of the word "Sanitation" is the establishment of conditions favorable to health. I will not attempt, at this time, to consider sanitation as to the use of the individual drinking cup, school sanitation, etc., as these subjects

are at present more or less public matters, and are being treated as such; but I would speak of the home plumbing. Here, on the face of it, one might say that this subject does not concern the doctor at all. However, I will endeavor to show wherein it does.

The doctor is called on to see a sick child, suffering with some pulmonary affection. He enters the room, feels the pulse, asks such questions as he feels are necessary to determine the disease, and, after having satisfied himself as to the ailment, writes a prescription and takes his leave, feeling that he has done his duty.

Let us view the surroundings. The room is small, poorly ventilated, and there is a wash basin in the corner. Upon superficial examination, we see that there is no trap to prevent sewer gas from pouring into the room and vitiating the air. While it has been shown in tests made with sewer gases, that they are not directly able to produce disease, it is also admitted that these same sewer gases are devoid of life-giving oxygen, and therefore unfit to breathe.

How should the prescription read, had the doctor noted these facts? Remove the child into a well-ventilated room, away from the noxious sewer gases, etc., etc., and then warn the child's parents of the harmful effects due to such unsanitary surroundings. Likewise, he should notify the Board of Health that such conditions exist. Were this done by the family doctor, much good would result.

Another point along these lines is that of frequent bathing. Today we are being educated in the beneficial effects of bathing more by magazines and newspapers (non-professional) than by the physician who is in closer contact with his people, and whose advice would be more readily followed. And yet rarely do we hear the family doctor talking these matters over with his patients.

The cause of this apparent indifference is hard to locate. Whether it is, that in the medical college such subjects are not taught, I do not know; but I believe that the student of medicine should have these and kindred subjects brought to his attention; and the importance of ever being on the watch for means to prevent disease, be firmly impressed upon his mind.

In magazines and in trade papers I have seen reports from such bodies as the National Association of Master Plumbers, the Society of Sanitary Engineers, etc., where they had collected statistics relating to sanitation, how they had suggested means to prevent unsanitary fixtures being used, and how they even went so far as to interest legislation in this regard. Why should not the doctor be in van in this work? His training fits him to cope with disease. Why not also to prevent its occurrence?

My plea is that the Medical Schools and Medical Societies take a more marked interest in this important subject, and impress upon the minds of the entire medical profession that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

IGNATIUS P. A. BYRNE, '16.





A Surgeon Misunderstood



When Zeke 'nd me was married, nigh forty years ago,
We come here from the meetin' house, in drivin' sleet and snow,
And ever since we worked this farm for all that it was worth,
And sold such lots of garden stuff we thought we owned the earth.

New York is not so very far, but still we never went,
Because with workin' 'round the farm we seemed to be content:
And so the months grow'd into years, the years they slipped away,
Till Zeekil's hair, as well as mine, was showing some of gray.

We took the Weekly Tribune, 'nd sometimes took the Sun,
And we'd read them thro' by candle-light, when all the work was done.
And if them things was true, Zeke said, the devil with his fork
Must be allers stirrin' up the folks in scanderlous New York.

I've been thar now; I've just cum back in such a state of mind
I think my head is turnin' 'nd my eyes is growing blind;
I've been thar now, and may the Lord send fire and brimston' down
To burn up every doctor in that God-forsaken town!

But I'm heading off my story, my nerves is so upset
With what that doctor told my Zeke I hain't myself just yet;
I'm getting 'round where I can think, and so I want to say
What took me up to town last night and brought me back ter-day.

Two days ago, I reckerlect, the twenty-third of March,
I'd jest cum home from Babylon with flour and soap and starch;
I walked into the kitchen and thar, to my surprise,
Was Zeekil a-sitting by the fire, and tears was in his eyes.

Says he to me, "Jerusha Ann," jest put them bundles down,
For you and me ter-morrer must be gettin' up ter town;
While you was up to Babylon I sent fer old McGee,
And showed him that there swellin' a-growin' on my knee.

"McGee, he smelt of whiskey, he allers does, you know;
He felt the swellin' keerful like and says, 'Zeke, do it grow?'
Sez I, that bunch is growin' fast, as sure as I'm a man.
Sez he, 'Then you must have it out as speedy as you can.'

"That thing's a growin' kanker, and it's a-eatin' up your knee;
I know a feller in New York that you just go and see;
He's a professor in a kollege, and he's handy with a knife—
You jest take this card along to him, and take along your wife.

"And then he stopped, and then he sez, 'Just say that Buck McGee
Has sent you up to him—of the class of sixty-three—
And I bet my bottom dollar, with that memory of his,
He'll reckerlect them questions that stumped me in the quiz.' "

And so nex' mornin' early, with shakin' in my brain,
We kum right up to Babylon and hustled in a train;
And, sakes alive, how them there cars do shake a body down!
It didn't seem but no time afore we was ter town.

A feller cum and took my grip, and then he said ter Zeke,
I've got a handsome. Then he stopped and didn't care to speak.
A handsome what? sez I ter he. He didn't seem to mind,
But shoved us in a two-wheeled gig and then got up behind.

There was a winder in the top, thro' which he holler'd down,
"Say, hayseed, can yer tell me where yer want ter go in town?"
I handed up the card and sed, "I don't want no more chin;
You take me to that hospital; I reckon I'll git in."

The way he banged along them streets, it took away my breath,
With Zeke a-sittin' by me—both on us scared to death;
I don't know how we got thar—we must have, all the same—
But I reckerlected nothin' till someone ask'd my name.

There was two or three young fellers (I think you call them swells),
Who wore white linen jackets, like waiters in hotels,
And one of them cum up ter me and looked a little cross,
"Get in this elevator now; I'll take yer to the boss."

The boss, he was a spry old man; he had a gray old head;
He felt that bunch and pounded it, and then ter Zeke he said,
"I'll cut out this all right, my man; it will not hurt, for you
Will sleep with anaesthesia, and then I'll put you thro.' "

I jumped straight up from off my chair and grabbed my big umbrella.
"Must sleep with who? You rascal; you low and dirty feller?
Who is this Anna Thesia?" My blood was fairly boilin'.
I looked at Zeke, and there he sat, a-simperin' and smilin'.

I grabbed him by the collar and I shreeked, "It's time ter go.
If that here's the prescription, that tumor's got ter grow.
I reckon if that swellin' was a-growin' on my knee,
"Twould Anna Thesia's brother you'd get ter sleep with me!"

I don't know how I ever kum ter get back home again;
But Zeke is safe, and, thank the Lord, he hain't committed sin;
But think of them there doctors—what devils they must be
To lead a virtuous man to hell to cure a bunchy knee!

(With apologies to ΔΣΔ).

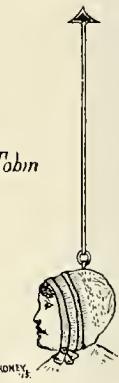
W. R. M.

BENEDICT'S CLUB

"We Hope All Our Troubles
Will Be Little Ones."

The VICTIMS.

A.T.Gordon C.L.Lyon N.A.Christensen J.B.Lohan T.J.Tobin
J.M.Thorup — H.Upton — H.G.Perry
B.Linger J.R.Anderson G.E.Sprouts
I.C.Hoffman



USUAL.

First married man: What is your family doing this summer?

Second M. M.: Me.

By MADONNA.

FOR LUCK!

Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue.

THE BRIDE.

For "something old," the veil of lace
Which hid her mother's bridal face.
For "something new," the long-trained dress—
A dream of satin loveliness!
Her "something borrowed" was the gay
Silk scarf that tied her shower bouquet.
But when they searched for "something blue,"
She cried, "I think my eyes will do!"

THE BRIDEGROOM.

For "something old," the bridegroom chap
His pipe hid 'neath a pocket flap.
For "something new" to grace the day,
His coat of black and trousers gray.
His "something borrowed" chanced to be
The money for the preacher's fee.
Nor lack he yet for "something blue,"
In thoughts of bills soon falling due!

Marriage is a lottery in which you either draw first prize or lose everything. There is no such thing as a consolation prize,

Medical Rhymes



ACCORDING TO SCIENCE.

Collected by

J. H. Font. '16

There was a man in our town
(His name my memory slips)
Who kissed ten thousand microbes
Off his sweetheart's ruby lips.
And when he found what he had done
With all his might and main
He rushed up there another night
And kissed them on again.

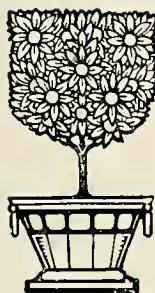
THE MEDICATED KISS.

Jenny kissed me when we met
But not as once we osculated,
Leaving doubt and vain regret—
Jenny's lips were medicated.
Lo! the romance fades away
Love has lost its dearest blisses
Ruined is the rose of May
With these chilly, drug store kisses.



HAS IT COME TO THIS?

We have boiled the hydrant water,
We have sterilized the milk;
We have strained the prowling microbe,
Through the finest kind of silk.
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device,
And at last the doctor tells us
That we've got to boil the ice.



THREE FACES.

Three faces wears the doctor,
When first sought, an angel is.
A God, the cure half wrought,
But when the cure complete he seeks his fee
The very Devil looks less fierce than he.

APR 16 1940



Baseball



OMEWHERE in this book, the subject of Baseball has been mentioned under the general head of Athletics.

We feel, however, that the National Game as played at P. & S. deserves special mention, inasmuch as it is the only real form of athletics indulged in by the students.

There are two teams at the college, a Freshman team, and a Sophomore team. Although the Freshman team has a special schedule of its own, the Sophomore team is representative of the school. Games are played with many of the leading schools and colleges in the state and city, such as Loyola College, Washington College, Mt. St. Joseph's, Western Maryland, Rock Hill, etc.

The big game of the year, however, and the one which arouses the greatest interest among the students, is that between the Sophomore and Freshman teams. Special cars are chartered, a band is hired for the occasion, and the whole college enthusiastically turns out to witness the battle of supremacy.

The manager and captain of the Sophomore team for the coming season is E. P. Dunne. Eleder is manager for the Freshman team; McGladigan acts as captain. The fans of the college are looking forward with a great deal of anticipation to the coming struggle between the two teams, and the season of 1914 promises to be one of the most interesting as well as progressive in the history of the college.

On March the seventeenth a St. Patrick's Day Benefit was given by the students for the benefit of the Baseball Team. William Lynch, of the Sophomore class, originated the idea, and much of the success of the benefit was due to him.

The entertainment was held in the Loyola College Auditorium, Calvert and Monument streets.

One of the most interesting features of the evening was a skit, "A Fair Encounter." A male quartette gave popular selections.

Raymond L. Kerr, of Kent, Pa., gave rapid change impersonations of present-day follies.

A. J. St. Lawrence, of New Haven, Connecticut, formerly an actor in the Keith circuit, coached the production, and took a leading part.

More than seven hundred people witnessed the performance, and by their presence aided materially in making the benefit a great success.

SOPHOMORE SCHEDEULE 1914.

April 4—P. & S. vs. Loyola.

April 11—P. & S. vs. Sheppard, Enoch and Pratt.

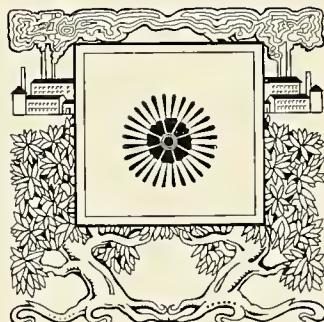
April 18—P. & S. vs. Washington College.

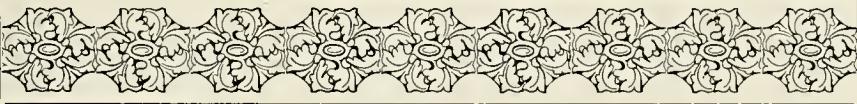
April 25—P. & S. vs. Rock Hill.

May 2—P. & S. vs. Western Maryland.

May 9—Sophomore vs. Freshman.

L. K. F.





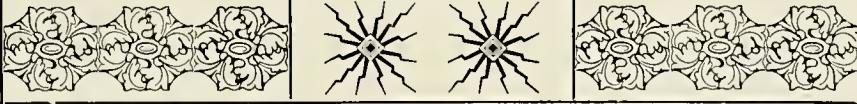
Hope

Each human hope must have its day,
Its sunset and its sorrow,
Its twilight with its golden ray,
Its darkness and its morrow.
The morrow may the past reward
For duties well completed;
But failures, oh! it must record
Defeated! Defeated! Defeated!

Each human hope its own reward,
No matter what the sequel!
The joys it brings with one accord,
Proclaims it without equal.
While hope that fails may yet awake
The mind of true ambition,
That hope, may spoil, instead of wake
When come to full fruition.

Now let us drink to hope, its fate—
Red wine of true ambition,
With modesty our joys relate
And bravely wait contrition.
The life that bounds in joy and bliss,
Has known some other clime;
The feet that barriers never miss
Look up to joys divine.

DR. E. H. HUTCHINS.



The Use of Color Photography in Art and Science



N December 2nd, 1913, at 8.15 P. M., Dr. William Simon favored us with an illustrated lecture on Color Photography in the College Amphitheatre.

The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, with an enthusiastic audience.

It has been said that one of Dr. Simon's aims in life, has been to make Color Photography useful in the field of medicine, and after hard labor his dreams have been realized. Today, it occupies a very important place, for wounds can now be photographed exactly as they appear, both as to form and color.

Tints of the skin, the results of various poisons, can be shown in their true colors.

In his lecture, Dr. Simon used only such pictures as he knew would be of interest to the general public.

His first pictures were of flowers. These showed exquisite color and luster which are usually seen only in a garden where lights and shadows are made by the sunlight.

Following the flowers were landscapes, depicting the same pureness of light, color and shadow. These landscapes were taken by Dr. Simon during his travels here and abroad. They included mountain scenes, groves of palms and rubber trees, and also landscapes with our maples, oaks and lindens taken as near home as Ellicott City.

Dr. Simon then showed pictures of his own friends. These were particularly enjoyed, especially those of his little friends. A group on the seashore showed the sunburn tints of their hands and feet.

The pictures of his young lady friends were especially admired. One, of a girl in a white satin gown, truthfully and beautifully portrayed the luster of the material of which the dress was made.

We feel sure that each and every one who followed Dr. Simon with his photographs, appreciated the worth and value of the time he has spent during his life in this field.

The Board of Editors earnestly thank Dr. Simon for his generosity and sympathy in his help toward the publication of the CLINIC.

The Bunch of 1915



There's a bunch of jolly fellows, always hangin' 'round the school,
Some in class-rooms; in the lib'ry, or in labs, perched on a stool.
But, no matter where you see 'em, you can make this one big bet,
That they're there for work, for business, and they'll take all they can get.

There's another bunch of fellers—first you see 'em, then you don't,
P'rhaps you think that they can't make it, that they'll flunk; but wait, they won't.
'Cause they play the game to finish, e'en though half-way chaps they are,
With some loafin', and some pluggin' just enuf to stay 'bove par.

There's another bunch of fellahs, you don't ever see 'em' round,
But at Wilson's or the Wizard or Kernal's they'll sure be found;
True that these guys take it easy, yet they seem to get along,
For you'll find most ev'ry one of them won't answer far from wrong.

Take these bunches all together, shake 'em up into a mass
And you'll find things balance as they ought, into a bang-up class.
So let's doff our lids, give three times three, for old nineteen fifteen,
For 'tis sure some class, has lots of pep, and just plum full of steam.

H. E. GARDNER, 1915.





College Comfort

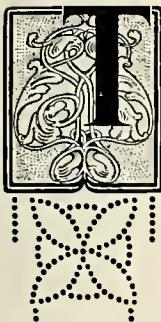


Give me a pipe and a grate and a dream-girl;
Wild be the weather and dark be the night,
Safe 'neath the charm of the curling tobacco,
Comfort makes entrance and sorrow takes flight.

Slowly the smoke-clouds are formed into visions,
Out of the grayness Her picture I see,
The dark is forgotten, the tempest is quiet,
And out of the smoke comes my dream-girl to me.

Give me a pipe and a grate and a dream-girl,
Time goes unheeded and sleep calls in vain,
Wild be the weather—but quiet the heart throbs;
The dream-girl is smiling and stilled is the pain.

The Pasteur Institute



THE Pasteur Institute, for the treatment of rabies, is one of the most important as well as interesting departments of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

The Institute derives its name from the Pasteur Institute of Paris, where for the first time the theories of Luis Pasteur concerning the treatment of rabies were successfully put into practice.

Pasteur, a French chemist, was born in Dole, December 27, 1822. He took his degree in 1847, was professor of physical sciences at Dijon from 1848 to 1849, and afterwards at Strasburg till 1854. In 1857 he went to Paris. Here he acquired great celebrity, receiving the Rumford prize for important researches, a French prize for his works on fermentation, and a Jecker prize for his chemical labors. His theories and experiments concerning the treatment of rabies, however, are of most interest to us here.

Democritus, of Abdera, the so-called laughing philosopher, in the fifth century B. C., is accredited with the earliest account of rabies. His opinion was like that of Celsus, who (B. C. 21) wrote: "It is a most miserable kind of disease, in which the sick man is at the same time tormented by a dread of food and water, in which condition, hope is reduced to a narrow limit."

According to a present-day definition, rabies or hydrophobia is an acute disease of warm-blooded animals, dependent upon a specific virus, and communicated by inoculation to man. Dogs are especially liable to the disease. Most animals are susceptible, and it is communicable by inoculation to the rabbit, horse or pig. The nature of the poison is as yet unknown. It is contained chiefly in the nervous system, and is met with in some of the secretions, particularly in the saliva.

Pasteur has found that the virus, when propagated through a series of rabbits, increases in its virulence. The spinal cords of these rabbits contain the virus in great intensity, but when they are preserved in dry air, this gradually diminishes. If now, dogs are inoculated from cords preserved from twelve to fifteen days, and then from cords preserved for a shorter period, i. e., with a progressively stronger virus, they will gradually acquire immunity to the disease.

Relying upon these experiments, Pasteur began inoculations in the human subject, using on successive days, material from cords in which the virus was of varying degrees of intensity. Once established, the disease is incurable. The method, therefore, is essentially one of active immunization, and involves a race between the action of the attenuated virus and the virulent virus introduced by the bite of a rabid animal.

Over thirty thousand individuals, bitten by rabid animals, have been treated at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, with a mortality of less than one per cent.

The establishment of the Institute in connection with the College of Physicians and Surgeons was very largely due to the efforts of Dr. Nathaniel G. Keirle, who has been its director since its opening.

Dr. Keirle was born in Baltimore, October 10, 1833. He graduated from Dickinson College in 1855. Having taken his A. B. degree, he returned to Baltimore and took up the study of medicine. During his career as a physician he has held many important offices, but none of greater importance than that of Director of the Pasteur Institute.

As the head of this Institute, Dr. Keirle has rendered important services to the community, and has brought the work of the Institute to the highest standard of efficiency in the saving of many lives from the most fatal and dreaded of diseases.

In a recent interview, Dr. Keirle, with his unfailing good humor and keen wit, said, in speaking of rabies and rabid animals: "I can think of only one possible use of the mad-dog. Turn him loose in the City Hall, and when the dishonest politicians have been cleared out he will have performed his one useful office. Otherwise, he is a menace, and a deadly one."

In his book on rabies, Dr. Keirle makes this statement which is of special interest to us, in these days of heated argument for and against Vivisection: "Not in the heat of discussion, but after calm reflection, this assertion is made, that in conflict with the rights of human animals, the lower animals have no rights. To save one fellow being, however lowly, I would sacrifice the entire breed of dogs, however high."

There are certain practical questions relating to rabies to which Dr. Keirle in this same book gives answer. At what time and under what circumstances should patients be advised to submit to treatment? With what material and in what manner are they treated? What risk attends treatment?

"Delay is not only dangerous, but may be fatal. If there is a suspicion of rabies, the patient should be given the benefit of the doubt, and should be treated without delay."

"The therapeutic material used is a portion of the spinal cord of a rabbit that has died of rabies. This is rubbed up in sterile cool water and injected into the body. For convenience, the abdominal region is selected."

"Prior to experience, it seems rash to inject a deadly virus into a human body. Pasteur demonstrated its harmless efficacy. The immense gulf between scientific audacity and foolhardiness had been securely bridged with experiments."

There are many fanciful methods of treatment for rabies. One is the mad stone. If it adheres, virus is present; if it becomes coated with green, there is virus extracted. Raw livers of rabid dogs have been fed to patients. The brains of rabid rabbits have been suggested.

In India, the entrails of an insect are used as therapeutic food. The patient is also exposed to the heat of the sun. It is needless to say that these treatments in no way tend to allay the fatal results.

The existence of hydrophobia as a specific disease is denied by some people. Their denial does not even bear the stamp of originality, for as far back as 1802 rabies as a disease, as well as the existence of a specific virus, was denied in France by Bosquillon. Daily throughout the world, institutions administering the Pasteur treatment demonstrate that rabies *is* a specific infectious disease, and that no other disease is capable of producing identical signs and symptoms.

Dr. Keirle in his report of the first thousand cases treated at the Pasteur Institute of Baltimore, Maryland, says: "Of the one thousand persons that completed the period requisite for immunity, two are reported to have died of hydrophobia. If accepted, the rate of mortality is only one-fifth of one per cent."

In his supplementary note, February 1, 1909, he adds: "To this date have been admitted for treatment 1,300 cases. These were treated in the period from February 21, 1898, to February 1, 1909. Since 1909 there have been 440 new cases, making a total of 1,740 since the opening of the Institute."

Of Dr. Keirle's efficiency in this department we have already spoken. Of the efficiency of the Pasteur method, we have this to say: At present, science can prevent the development of hydrophobia, but cannot cure it after it has developed. All cases cannot be prevented, but the great percentage of those successfully treated by the Pasteur method, proves beyond doubt the efficacy of the treatment, and the inestimable value of Luis Pasteur's contribution to Science.

FARGO.



College Night Ford's

"Nearly Married."

March 2, 1914

College Night



N ye second day of March in this year of our Lord, 1914, the loyal fathers and sons of P. & S. gathered at Ford's theatre—the occasion being our annual theatre party.

Said occasion was one of the pathetically few occasions when the Profs. and students join hands for a social evening as it were.

In the words of our rural contemporary, "The Bingville Bugle," everybody as amounted to anything and some as didn't dolled up and went to the show.

The theatre was plentifully and perhaps (please note we prefer not to commit ourselves on this point) artistically draped with interlaced purple and gold bunting.

The boxes, occupied by the leading fraternities, were especially decorated for the occasion with fraternity and college banners and pennants, and aside from their occupants made quite an attractive appearance.

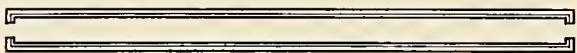
An adjoining cafe added much to the joyousness of the occasion by dispensing between the acts ginger ale and other beverages of like nature so dear to the heart of the medical student.

The play, "Nearly Married," with Bruce McCrea playing the lead, was a most enjoyable performance. We, editorially speaking, giggled gayly at the many amusing situations and dutifully blushed at the blushing points but don't suppose any one else did the latter; we, again editorially speaking, are possessed of an innate modesty rare in this clime.

The committee desires to apologize for selecting a really enjoyable show, for we realize we have violated the sacred traditions which our predecessors so religiously followed of selecting some horrible theatrical atrocity for our professors and classmates to suffer through.

From a financial standpoint, and after all, 'tis the money that talks the loudest, the venture was a success, for which we fervently thank the kind powers who rule o'er our destiny.

In summary we may truthfully state: 'twas an evening well spent, and money well spent in a noble cause. What more could one desire?



What's the Use



What's the use to bone and cram,
And fret about a mere exam?
The more you work, the less you know,
At any rate, your mark is low.

What's the use to study bugs,
And learn the antiseptic drugs?
You cannot tell them by their hue
Unless they're stained with Methylene blue.

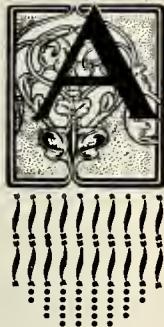
What's the use to get your "Dip"
And grow a moustache on your lip?
You cannot doctor on a man
Until you pass your board exam.

What's the use to show your sign,
And fool away your useful time?
Ambition to the winds is flung;
Folks won't have you—you're too young.

L. K. F., '15.



The Porto Rican Colony



S far as any available information may be taken as the basis for judgment in this case, I can pretty safely state that this is the first time in which our Annual contains a direct comment on the group of foreign students which constitutes the Port Rican Colony of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Its present membership reaches up to eighteen individuals, namely: four Seniors, eight Juniors, three Sophomores and one lonely Freshman.

Although we certainly long for our distant, beloved, and unfortunate country, we find our life here at least agreeable, and our association with our North American classmates very pleasant indeed.

I do not know how does ours prove to them, especially when we insist in pronouncing English in our own way; or hold "public meetings" in the college lobbies or classrooms in this "funny language of ours," as Nogueras terms it, or that "turkey-trot language" as Tadeusiak brands it.

And here I might say that this is the great handicap of our college life—language.

Ideas will never be so easily seized and assimilated if the means of acquisition is other than the mother language.

It has been said, and I dare to think it a correct view, that he who is taught in two languages at once, is not doubled in capacity, but halved.

But this does not mean discouraged. Life would not recognize itself without its struggles.

When this four years of our college life be over, and we be exercising the noble science of the Galens and Cajals, down in the sunny little isle of the Caribbean, we will look back at the struggles of now, not only as our training for the practice of our profession, but for our entire life. And our thoughts will go over all our dear companions of the North, who, by that time, will be disseminated over the extensive territory of their powerful nation.

Maybe some of them will be in Congress by then, and our political future rest in their hands. It will be luck, then, to have been their classmates.

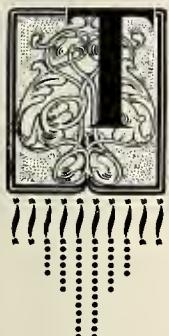
May this act as a reminder to them of this foreign group of friends, who, after parting, they may never see again.

A. FERNOS, '15.



*I know I'm jes' as black as coal;
Dey calls me Mary Ann;
But my picture 's in the CLINIC,
And I've helped out ALL I can.*

The Teaching of Sex Hygiene in the Public Schools



HIS subject is so intimately connected with the work of the physician that I feel we should give it some consideration in the CLINIC.

First let us consider what condition the exponents of this new fad are trying to improve. They claim that by instruction of sex hygiene in the schools they will so acquaint the youth of both sexes as to the proper use of their sexual powers that the great wave of immorality now sweeping over the country, will be effectively checked. They believe that the school-room is the proper place to discuss these matters, to introduce to the adolescent the generative function of the sexes, thinking in this way to check impurity.

Would it be wise to teach the children in our schools the most improved method of breaking into a house, or of successfully picking a pocket, as a means of preventing their development into thieves? The answer is surely, "No." Yet our well-meaning friends who favor the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools (likely by teachers but little fitted to instruct in this delicate matter) think to begin a new era of morality by acquainting the little ones of the horrors that will befall them should they do thus and so in sexual matters.

The St. Louis Medical Society, in discussing this subject, has this to say: "In a few instances, it might be productive of good. In the majority, curiosity would be aroused, and untoward results obtained."

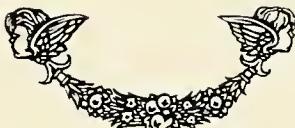
Many of those advocating the new fad admit it is a dangerous experiment, but say that something must be done to stop the alarming increase of immorality. I wonder if these good people ever stop to think why the idea of teaching sex hygiene in the schools was not adopted before now. The movement to introduce such instruction was strongly advocated as early as the eighteenth century by the German educator, Basedow. We may say that the time was not ripe, but that now, in this enlightened century, sex teaching in public schools will become an accomplished fact. *No*, according to some of our foremost educators; *now* is no more the time than a few centuries ago. The cure is not to be found in teaching sex hygiene, but as Dr. Charles Alexander Richmond, president of Union College, said recently: "What we need is not more method, but more manhood, not more pedagogy, but more piety."

My belief in regard to this question is that all instruction relating to sex be taught in the home. I also believe, as Dr. Chas. W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University (although a strong advocate of the instruction of sex hygiene in the schools) said at a recent International Congress on School Hygiene, in discussing sex hygiene, that, "The best source of information which the young man needs, is the parent, the mother in childhood, the father, later." This thought is further amplified by the St. Louis Medical Society, which says: "The parents are the medium through which these instructions should reach the offspring. In turn, parents should be instructed by their medical advisers, or by lectures given by physicians."

Many of the prominent educators throughout the country have expressed themselves as against the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools, and say that the physician or parent should be the medium through which such instruction should come. Our own Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, William Royal Stokes, M.D., Sc.D., in speaking on this subject, said: "The sanctity of the home is surely the proper place where questions on sex hygiene should be answered, and in cases where the parent may be unfitted to properly explain such questions, the advice of the family physician should be sought."

In conclusion, I feel that it is the duty of the physician to see that education along the lines of sex hygiene be extended, but only through himself or the parents; that such instruction be given privately, except in cases of lectures to parents, and that only those things be taught which the trained mind of the physician knows will lead to the moral uplift and the betterment of the race.

IGNATIUS P. A. BYRNE, '16.



A Dream in the Classroom



I dreamed I was in a garden
Filled with flowers wondrous fair,
Where the sunshine and the perfume
Banished all my sordid care.

The air was warm, as in summer,
And wafted along on the breeze
Came to my ears a sweet music,
The busy humming of bees.

There were no schools or teachers,
These had all passed away,
Work was a word unheard of,
I had naught to do all day.

I longed, oh, I longed to stay there,
With the flowers and birds, but, alas,
A voice broke in on my dreaming,
'Twas Dr. Jones' sharp "Leave the class."

McC.



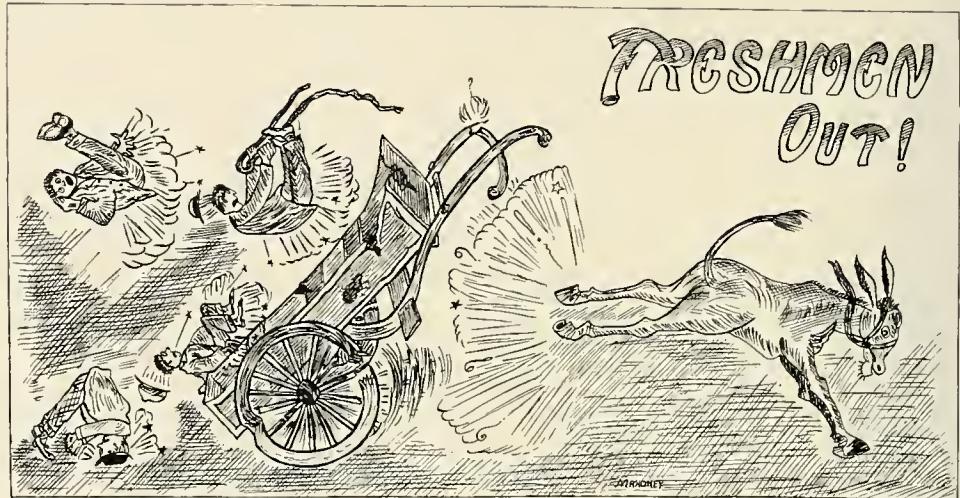
Gloaming



Night enshrouds the dying gloaming,
And with tears of dew are wet;
Field and forest, where I'm roaming,
Fain to struggle and forget.

Then a thousand bright reflections
Light the heaven's glassy deep;
O'er my soul sweet recollections
Like delightful visions sweep.

McCALLION.



I Should Snicker



Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?

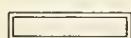
Can you mend the break of day?

Do crash suits make a noise in the fall?

Can an artist draw on his imagination?

Would a man be a bird just because he had on a pair
of duck trousers and a swallow-tail coat?

Is a whip all that it's cracked up to be?



God and the Doctor we alike adore,
Just on the brink of danger—not before;
The danger past, both are requited,
God is forgotten, the Doctor slighted.

Appendicitis



Have you got the new disorder?
If you havn't, 'tis in order
To succumb to it at once without delay;
It is called appendicitis,
Very different from gastritis,
Or the common trash diseases of the day.
It creates a happy frolic,
Something like a winter colic,
That has often jarred our inner organs some,
Only wrestles with the wealthy,
And the otherwise most healthy.
Having got it, then you're nigh to kingdom come.

Midway down in your intestine,
Its intertices infestin'
Is a little alley, blind and dark as night;
Leading off to simply nowhere,
Catching all stray things that go there,
As a pocket it is clearly out of sight.
It is prone to stop and grapple
With the seed of grape or apple,
Or a soldier button swallowed with your pie;
Having levied on these chattels,
Then begin eternal battles
That are apt to end in mansions in the sky.

Once located, never doubt it,
You would never be without it;
It's a fad among society that's gay;
Old heart failure and paresis
Have decamped and gone to pieces,
And dyspepsia has fallen by the way.
Then, stand back there, diabetes,
For here comes appendicitis,
With a brood of minor troubles on the wing;
So, vermiciform, here's hoping
You'll withstand all drastic doping,
And earn the appellation, "Uncrowned King."



On With the Dance



*In golden days of long ago,
In crinolines and pantalets,
Our grandmas gently swayed and bowed,
And danced the stately minuet.*

*Our mothers, tho, in livelier mood,
Claimed modesty like this was false;
And so (in not too close embrace)
They glided to the dreamy waltz.*

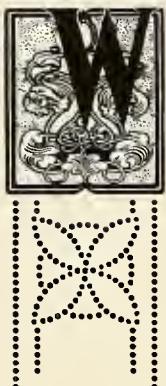
*Oh, minuet of long ago,
And dreamy waltz of yesterday,
Upon Time's altar sacrificed,
Thy charms have long since passed away.*

*Today, in mad and merry whirl,
The waltz and minuet forgot,
At "Thé Dansant" or "Cabaret"
We bunny-hug and turkey-trot.*

*Oh Muse of Terpsichorean art,
A question I would ask of thee,
When these no longer charm the heart,
What will the future dances be?*

J. K. F.

Lost Joys



HO ever in the strength of his manhood found pleasure in the memory of youthful joys, let him harken to the tale of one who sought for them in the living reality.

After many years removed from boyhood, I was cast by the vicissitudes of fortune upon a village street, shady, unpaved, and dusty, flanked by fresh green lawns and bright homes. It brought back a flood of memories, for in such a village with just such a street now a thousand recollections were revived. Here was the home of the barefoot-boy. I did not see him, for on such a day he would surely be at the old swimming pond, or fishing in the brook that goes on forever apast such a village.

There stood the old school house deserted, bearing the crude works of amateur wood-carvers. The school teacher passed me: I know it was she by her manner of greeting the children. Under the tree burdened with ripening fruit sat an old man on guard, lest any youth should yield to the temptation of luscious apples hanging over the sidewalk. He was in truth "the last leaf" hanging to a forsaken bough of village life. He guarded the nation, no doubt, in '61, and now with a crooked cane guarded his apples from early morn until oblivious slumber buried pilfering youths from the lure of mellow fruit.

As I was meditating upon the unchangeable world, the ring of an anvil came to my ear, and at once my reflection returned to the village blacksmith of my own acquaintance. Among the leaves of the shade trees I could discern the smith's leg and arm, and exulted in the prospect of stopping at the door to see the flaming forge and hear the bellows roar. There was no spreading chestnut tree, but a buck-eye tree that cast its generous shade about the entrance, aided my imagination to supply this slight detail. The smithy was not so sturdy of build or calm of countenance of the hero of my dreams, but the vigor of his arm made the anvil ring merry tunes and I was not totally disappointed. When the iron cooled, he plunged it into the smouldering fire, and I waited to see him reach up along the chimney to grasp the rough, hewn handle. That rude pole always possessed a dignity—because it was so far beyond our childish reach. But, alas! What was my disappointment to see him reach down and turn a little crank, whereat the fire flamed brightly.

My attention was now drawn to a little red metal box where a fan whirred like the buzz of a big insect. My astonishment was great to see such an insignificant little thing take the place of the immense bellows. This small machine could not roar half so loud, the flames did not leap so high, everything began to change.

My reverie was broken. The barefoot boy—the old school-house, the last leaf, none of them could now give me a single thrill of pleasure. Everything began to adapt itself to my mood. The flaming sparks did not leap merrily—but spat impertinently or sluggishly fell to the floor. The ring of the anvil did not sound as the sexton ringing the village bell—it seemed to be a funeral bell. I was loath to turn away with such disappointment weighing upon my heart, and longer I lingered in the hope of discovering some characteristic that would revive my former pleasant recollections. There was a heap of old iron that looked familiar, and a bundle of new rods lay on racks out of reach of dampness. The horse that stood waiting to be shod excited some admiration, but not near the degree of awe that such an animal would have stirred in younger days. Alas! Was I to be disappointed completely?

I now turned my attention to the smithy. He was almost puerile in his build, not even so large as I. His arms could not compare with the iron bands, his hair was not crisp nor black nor long; it was short and curly, and I am sure he used cosmetics on his complexion. When with an uncivil voice he drove away a small boy that stopped at the door, I began to wonder if this prodigy of a new era went to church on Sunday and sat among his boys. My wonderment was soon put to ease when he spat tobacco spittle upon the dusty floor and swore impatiently at the horse's slow response to his command. With this barbarism my hopes were lost, my idol was lying in the dust, an irredeemable heap. In despair I turned away with the flood-gates of my eyes ready to burst. My gloom was deepened by the consequent thoughts. His daughter did not sing in the village choir, she could be nothing else but a flirt; his wife was not in paradise—but I charitably added, "She is not dead yet." I doubted whether he owed not any man or whether his brow was wet with honest sweat. I was a thorough skeptic by this time, and no charge against this man would have been too heinous for my credence. After a calmer reflection, however, my judgment was more favorable, but I could not bring myself to repeat the lines from Longfellow's poem without some change:

"Thanks, thanks to thee, indifferent one,
For the lesson thou has taught."

It was not a lesson of great deeds but a rebuke for idle thoughts. While changes purely accidental mark the lives of men, yet they remain ever the same—and their aspect depends upon the point of view. Men can no longer see through the eyes of boyhood.

McC.



Laugh



Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care,
And when it's as strong as hands can make it,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide all the thoughts of your failures
And each bitter cup that you quaff,
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one else of its contents,
Never its secrets share;
When you have dropped in your worries,
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight so completely,
That the world will ne'er dream half,
Fasten the strong box securely,
Sit on the lid, and laugh.



There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears,
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all evil snares.
He's paralyzed.

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right;
His wife can tell just where he is
At morning, noon and night.
He's dead.



*If a grind you chance to find,
That meets not with your approval,
Don't get angry, please don't mind,
It's too late for its removal.*

GRIND EDITOR.

SEXTON TOLL DAT BELL.

DR. FORT—Smith, what is the average dose of Croton Oil?

SMITH—One ounce.

DR. FORT—Ow!

IT'S ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW.

DR. FRIEDENWALD (quizzing Law)—How about constipation in Gastric Ulcer?

LAW—It is usually good.

AFTER ALL WHAT'S IN A ZOOLOGICAL CLASSIFICATION?

DR. ULLMAN—What is a poisoned wound?

GONZALES—A wound produced by the bite of insects.

DR. ULLMAN—What insects?

GONZALES—Snakes.

SUCH IS LIFE.

MCANINCH, lowereth the window with a slam (precipitately as it were) startling Dr. Lockwood, who is quizzing. A few minutes later when the room becometh decidedly warm, quoth our Dean, "McAninch, don't you feel warm?"

MAC—I put the window down on account of the noise, doctor.

DR. LOCKWOOD—Let's put it up on account of the heat.

ASSUREDLY—BUT DID HE MEAN WATER?

DR. FORT—What is the treatment of thirst?

HOWARD—Give the patient a drink.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN HISTOLOGY.

DR. McGLONE—What lines the Oesophagus?

MADDEN—Endothelium.

BRESLIN: INTERPRETER.

DR. LOCKWOOD—Where is the Gall bladder?

COOPER—(Mumbles some unintelligible words).

DR. LOCKWOOD—Breslin, did you hear what Cooper said?

BRESLIN—Yes sir.

DR. LOCKWOOD—Well, where is the Gall bladder then?

BRESLIN—Just where Cooper said.

AN ADDITION TO THE FRUIT KINGDOM.

DR. FRIEDENWALD—What fruit is good for constipation?

NEUS—Rhubarb.

WELL ANSWERED.

DR. THORKELSON (quizzing a verdant Freshie)—What is the skeleton?

FRESHIE—Bones, with the people taken off.

US PLUTOCRATS.

CALLAGHAN (on his way home with Spangler as a touring car drives up to the curb)—“No use, Spangler, I just can’t stand gasoline on an empty stomach—dismiss the car; we’ll have to walk.”

A QUESTION OF THE CONTAINER—NOT THE THING CONTAINED.

DR. SIMON (quizzing in Organic Chemistry)—How would you determine the composition of an organic substance?

FOXWELL—By heating it and—

DR. SIMON (real sarcastic like)—What in—a tin can?

IT MAY BE SO.

DR. FORT—Wolfe, what is the first symptom of collapse?

WOLFE—Depressed urine, Doctor.

AVOID EVEN THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL MY SON.

Rumor states that Lynch of the Freshman Class and an ardent apostle of the good cause temperance visited a wholesale liquor emporium in quest of bottled goods. Horrors! Horrors! Nay, gentle reader, be not so moved; our little innocence only wished to purchase some ink.

"TIS NOT ALWAYS WOMAN.

DR. THORKELSON—Describe the mouth.

FELDMAN—Don't know it doctor.

DR. THORKELSON—You're in a bad way, a fellow who uses it so much yet knows so little about it.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

DR. SAMUELS demonstrates Fowler's position to the Special Section. After a lengthy explanation, Aranki, who has been taking copious notes, looks up and with child-like innocence asks: "Doctor, how long did you say to keep the patient in Fowler's solution?" (Oh, Sweet Spirits of Arsenic, and he still lives!)

ANOTHER FAUX PAS BY OUR FRIEND ARANKI.

LAKE (at an operation for lacerated perineum)—What's this operation for, Aranki?

ARANKI—This is an operation for Hemorrhoids.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

TADUSIAK and Bill Hearn examining an old darkey—Taddy, after hearing the old man's history, turns to Bill and says, "Lues." The old man, hearing the name, says: "No such a thing, Doctor, my name is Washington Lee."

VIA THE SHORT LINE.

When Trachtenberg first arrived in Baltimore he approached a policeman and inquired the quickest way to get to Mercy Hospital. "Well, get out on the corner and yell to H—l with the Irish and you'll soon find yourself at your destination," replied the Copper.

AND THIS FROM OUR LITTLE PRINCE

FITZPATRICK and Cooper were one day arguing about the favorite beasts of burden. Fitz asked Cooper if he did not know the difference between a horse and a donkey. "Well," said Cooper, "I wouldn't take you for a horse."

HOW THE DICKENS DID HE KNOW THAT?

DR. FORT—Karr, what are the constituents of the Aromatic Powder?

FRESHMAN KARR—Cinnamon, Ginger and Nutmeg.

DR. FORT—Well, you left one out. What do you find on a bar in a saloon?

FRESHMAN KARR—Pretzels.

A STRONG REPLY.

FRESHMAN CLARK from Georgia—Dr. McCleary, is smooth muscle a tissue?
DR. McCLEARY (looking seriously)—No, son; it's Limburger cheese.

A JOKE (WE DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT).

SENIOR—We had a patient in the dispensary who was so cross-eyed the tears ran down her back.

JUNIOR—Ye Gods! What could you do in a case like that?

SENIOR—Treat her for Bacteria (Back-tear-ia) my son.

AN AWE-INSPIRING LESSON FOR ONE WITH A TENDENCY TO LOSE HIS HEAD.

DR. THORKELSON (to Aikman who has been dissecting the head)—Well, Aikman, where is your head?

AIKMAN—I don't know, doctor; I put it over there in the box, but it's gone now. I guess I've lost it.

VERILY THOU HAST SAID IT.

DR. FORT (quizzing in Toxicology)—Madden, what would you administer to a patient who had taken a large dose of Bichloride of Mercury?

MADDEN—The Sacrament, Doctor.

NAY! IT CANNOT BE.

CALLAGHAN—Say Staley, the three Friedenwald brothers are twins, aren't they?

WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

MINISTER—Are you a Christian, sir?

ROGERS—No, Reverend; I'm a student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

MEYER was taking a patient's temperature, when he was suddenly called from the ward. When he returned someone had removed the thermometer from his patient's mouth. The patient was a mute and could give no information. Soon afterward the dummy died. The "Kid" was asked what caused his patient's death and gave the following diagnosis: "He swallowed my thermometer and died by degrees."

PROBABLY.

DR. CHAMBERS was asked what he would talk about next time. He replied: "Probably about an hour."

ALMOST.

Is the Junior quartette composed of finished singers?

No, but the rest of the class are making threats.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS.

BASH (rolling a cigarette)—Cal, I'm sick of these cheap cigarettes. I'm going to smoke Pall Mall's after this.

CALLAGHAN (the philosopher)—Yes, and Pa and Ma'll pay for them, too.

WHEN THE LAWS OF HEREDITY GO ASTRAY.

DR. STOKES had just completed a very interesting lecture upon heredity. Fargo, who has been trying with very indifferent success to raise a moustache, asks: "Dr. Stokes, if my father has a very thick moustache, according to the laws of inheritance shouldn't I also have one?"

DR. STOKES, after a careful survey of Fargo's hairless lip—"Well, Mr. Fargo, you must remember that one occasionally takes after the other side of the house in that respect."

A MATTER OF EXPERIENCE.

DR. BECK (to patient)—How do you feel just before you vomit?

PATIENT—Like the morning after the night before, Doctor. I don't know whether you have ever experienced such a feeling or not. (Great applause from the Junior Class).

DR. BECK—Gentlemen, I'm sure you all know how he feels.

A NEW DEVICE FOR THE CONTROL OF HEMORRHAGE.

DR. CHAMBERS—Fernos, bring me a haemostat.

FERNOS (to Miss Mitchell)—Miss Mitchell, Dr. Chambers wants a thermostat.

ONE ON HIMSELF.

DR. BECK (to patient)—Do you ever have headache?

PATIENT—No, Doctor; only people with brains have headache.

A NEW HOME FOR THE SWALLOW.

TEACHER—John, where is the home of the swallow?

JOHN (who is a doctor's son)—In the stomach, of course.

CALLED HIS BLUFF.

DR. KNAPP (getting ready to give exam. in the Clinical Lab.)—Boys, these questions are so easy, I hate to write them on the board.

BRESLIN—Don't do it, Doctor.

A SUGGESTION FROM THE NURSERY.

DR. FORT (to Baggot, Soph.)—Give an example of a drug administered by inhalation.

BAGGOT—Why, any cathartic, Doctor.

A SURPRISE FOR DR. DOBBIN.

DR. DOBBIN (quizzing Juniors)—What instrument should you always have with you at a labor case?

LYONS—A blunt hook.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

MORRISON (of Mahoney, who is writing a prescription)—What are you doing?

MAHONEY—I am writing a prescription for a man with lues.

MORRISON—Oh, I have that.

ANATOMICALLY SPEAKING.

DR. MAYO—Spangler, what is the pericardium?

SPANGLER—That portion of the peritoneum which encloses the heart.

FERNOS INTERPRETER.

Two Portuguese negroes recently came into the medical dispensary to be treated. Fernos offered himself as interpreter.

“Cough,” said Fernos, in his alleged Portuguese.

Without hesitation the negro stuck out his tongue.

A SPIRITED CONVERSATION.

NOGUERAS (taking history of a patient in very high spirits, the spirits having gone to his head)—Where do you live?

PATIENT—I’ll be D—n if I know.

SOMEBODY LIED.

FIRST SENIOR—I have seen a case in which a bullet perforated the brain without causing serious trouble.

SECOND SENIOR—I have seen a case in which the bullet perforated the kidney, ploughed through the clavicle, and, after reaching the spinal cord, dropped to the bottom of the structure by its own weight.

A POSITIVE DIAGNOSIS.

COSTAS—This is a case of lues. I have seen the gonococci microscopically.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

DR. SIMON (quizzing Freshmen)—Mention a solid form of water.

GONZALES RODRIGUEZ—Why-er—watermelon.

AS GOOD AS DEAD.

MORRISON (taking history)—Are your parents living?

PATIENT—No, they are in Europe.

A MATTER OF ONE LETTER.

DR. RURAH—Give sequelæ of diphtheria.

STEELE (Junior)—Enema.

OF COURSE HE DIDN'T MEAN THAT.

THORUP—Dr. Watson, Itching is called Paresis, isn't it?

DR. WATSON—You mean Pruritis, Thorup.

HORSE SENSE.

DR. BECK had been demonstrating to the class how to take the history of a patient. He used as a subject an old man employed in a livery stable. After answering questions put to him for about an hour, the old man became impatient and said: "Dr., when I have a sick horse, I give him some medicine and then talk afterwards."

GOT MIXED ON THE VOWELS.

((Bobby was asked to write a composition on Anatomy, with the following result):

Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts: the head, the chist and the stummick. The head contains the brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick contains the bowels, of which there are five—A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y.

A PLAY ON WORDS.

DR. RUHRAH—A baby can't hold its breath long enough to kill itself, to save its life.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

A medical professor wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory:

"Professor Wilson informs his students that he has been appointed honorary physician to His Majesty the King."

In the course of the morning, he had occasion to leave the room, and found on his return that some wag had added the following to the announcement:

"God save the King."

WHO KNOWS (NOSE) WHAT HE MEANT?

DR. CHAMBERS (reading history written by a Senior)—"Nose, negative, etc., etc. What the devil does he mean? This patient has a nose, as sure as you're born, or else my eyes have gone back on me."

OFF HIS GUARD.

Among the members of a fashionable country club are a doctor and a minister who delight in the exchange of repartee touching their respective professions.

As they met one day, the minister observed that he was "going to read to old Thompson," adding, as he was aware that the old man was a patient of his friend the doctor: "Is he much worse?"

With the gravest of expressions the physician replied: "He needs your help more than mine."

Off his guard, the minister exclaimed anxiously: "Poor fellow! Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes," was the reply, "he is suffering from insomnia."

MICROSCOPICALLY SPEAKING.

DR. GREENFIELD to McKenzie, who is gazing intently through the microscope at a specimen: "What does it look like?"

MCKENZIE—"Like a drop of Jones' Falls, Doctor."

THE FORGETFUL M.D.

A man went to a doctor complaining of ear trouble. After fumbling in his pocket for awhile the doctor took out his watch. He held it first about three feet from the patient's ear, and gradually brought it closer, asking the patient to let him know at what point the tick became audible. To the astonishment of the doctor the patient said he could not hear it even when the watch was placed against his ear. After trying this several times with similar results the doctor suddenly burst into laughter and said: "By Jove! I forgot to wind the blessed thing last night."

DR. THORKELSON—"Foxwell, describe the heart."

FOXWELL—"It is a bloody organ, kept in the trunk, played by beats, and enjoyed best after lost or given away."

AN ARGUMENT FOR FREE BOOZE.

A short while ago Dr. Dobbin performed a "Cæsarian section" in room 51. Dr. Brack, assisting at the operation, tried all the methods of artificial respiration upon the child with little success.

Dr. Dobbin, by this time became anxious and said: "Did you put him in warm water? Did you try reflex stimulation? Did you try 'mouth to mouth?'"

"Yes," said Dr. Brack, "I did everything but give him a drink." Instantly the child began to cry.

"You see," said Dr. Brack, "even the suggestion brings him around. This is one on Anderson."

WHAT'S COMING NEXT?

Rumor hath it that on several occasions in the past two weeks Joe Conarton has departed from his boarding house at seven P. M. and not returned till the cuckoo struck two. As usual, it appears that there is a girl in the case. This state of affairs will surely have to be looked into.

We hear that Lynch, the "Railroad Magnate," is arranging for another touring party to the North. For full particulars, schedule, rates, etc., consult the "Magnate."

A Thoughtlet or Two by Vernon

A bad husband is the only thing that beats a good wife.

Smile at a person he may smile back but growl and it will be returned a hundred fold.

A train of thought is O. K. so long as it doesn't develop into a midnight express.

Spend a dollar foolishly but don't lend it foolishly.

It is impossible to rise above one's thoughts. (Editor's note—My, my, Vernon, you are getting deep into the wells of philosophy as it were).

The more patience we have the more folks make use of it.

A fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer. By the way, that may be the reason so many of us flunk our exams. (Vernon, allow us to concur with you. Verily, this savoureth of the sagacity of Solomon.) Editor's comment.

A wagging tongue is the echo of an empty brain.

It's easy enough to be pleasant:
To sing of joy and good cheer
But the guy worth while
Is the gink who can smile
When the doctor says no more beer.

If a body meets a body
Coming through the rye,
Can't a body kiss a body
For fear of bacilli?

Modern Menu



Benzoate of soda soup a la Mock Turtle.

Typhoid oysters on the half-shell.

Ptomaine Halibut with Indigo Carmi.

Nutmeg Liver served in imported Phenol.

Roast Beef a la Arterio-sclerosis with Prussic Acid.

Succotash and Sulphate of Copper Peas.

A la Carcinoma stuffed stomach with French Fried Potatoes in
Oil of Vitreole.

Lettuce Salad with Anyline Dyes.

Lactic Acid Philadelphia Cream Cheese with Papier Mache
Crackers.

Wheat Bread toasted with Lipoma Butter.

Caffeine Precipitate with New Hampshire Quarry Sugar.

Finger Bowls with Streptococci Water.

Dinner served from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.

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The Only Escape

He read that germs were in his food,
That microbes filled all clothing;
That water held a deadly brood,
So turned from it with loathing;
Bacilli hid in beauty's lips
Were wafted on each breath;
And, having scanned these various tips,
He gladly welcomed death.



Alma Mater, Farewell



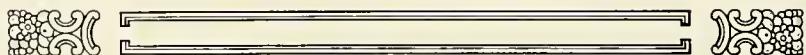
The woodland warblers of a summer's day
Are trilling lays of charming melody,
Where sylvan glades are robed in bright array,
And ring with echoes of their minstrelsy.

Alas! 'tis but the harbinger of pain
For us whom time shall part, 'ere yet the glow
Of mellow gold shall gild the west again,
We sons, dear mother, must to battle go.

Whose mail was forged at Learning's sacred blaze
Within the hallowed boundry of thy reign;
Ah! may we conquer and our banner raise
O'er every field where truth will victory gain.

Within our souls is writ in letters sheen
The watchful care of thy maternal heart;
Farewell--the college days that we have seen,
Farewell--the boys of 1914 part.

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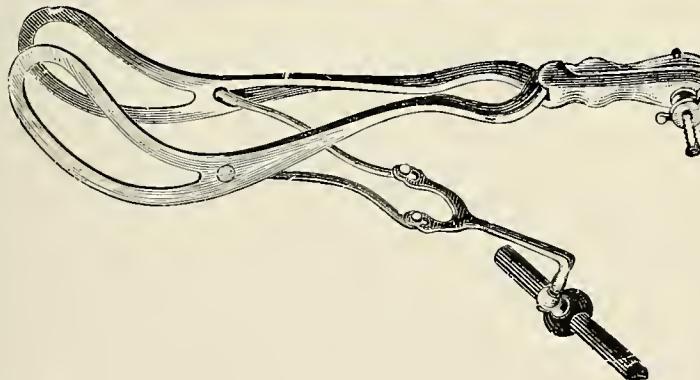
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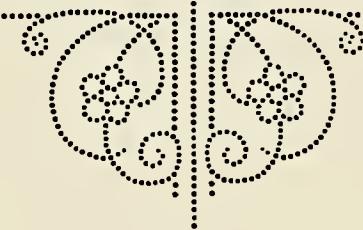
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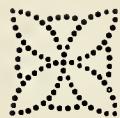
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